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Memoir of Barbara Ewing

The Reverend

Samuel Miller D.D.

Princeton College

with kindest regards

from his affectionate

& obliged Friend

Greville Ewing

A MEMOIR

OF

BARBARA EWING;

BY

HER HUSBAND,

GREVILLE EWING.

SECOND EDITION.

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M,DCCC.XXIX.

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To Her,

WHOSE MEMORY I CHERISH,

WHO STILL REMEMBERS ME,

WHOM I AM QUICKLY FOLLOWING TO DEATH,

AND HOPE, THROUGH MERCY, SOON TO MEET,

IN A DEATHLESS WORLD.

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MEMOIR, *&c.*

Mrs. Ewing was born at Polloc, on the 20th December, 1773. Her maiden name was Barbara Maxwell. She was the second daughter of the late Sir James Maxwell, Baronet, of Polloc, sister of the present Sir John Maxwell, and aunt of John Maxwell, Esq., the present Member of Parliament for the county of Renfrew, and of his only remaining sister, Miss Maxwell.

When the honours of her ancient family became at any time the subject of conversation, she would acknowledge, with peculiar gratitude, the goodness of God in raising up in it, at various periods, many persons of eminent piety. In the unhappy days of tyranny and persecution, the Maxwells of Polloc distinguished themselves as friends to the civil and religious liberty of their country. They afforded shelter to the distressed ministers of the Gospel of Christ—countenanced the preaching of the Gospel to the afflicted people—relieved the necessities of the outlawed Covenanters—and incurred heavy fines for those generous acts of zeal and compas-

sion.* Mrs. Ewing knew many instances of worthy representatives, and members of the family, who had remarkably adorned the doctrines of our God and Saviour, in their respective times. In her own day also, she had seen bright examples of excellence in her aunts, Miss Maxwell and Mrs. Montgomery of Auldhouse; and in Lady Walter Maxwell, well known in the religious world both of Scotland and England, and of whom more than one memoir has been published.

Above all, she delighted in recollecting the grace of God, which had been given to her only sister, Frances Maxwell, afterwards Mrs. Cuninghame of Craigends. From their infancy, they had been endeared to each other by the warmest natural affection. They became impressed with the truth and value of the Gospel about the same time, and by the same means. In temper, talents, and Christian principle, they proved themselves, while spared to each other, to be kindred spirits. Barbara used to say, that she looked up to her sister in every thing. I suppose they were always communicative, confidential, and most completely harmonious. When Mrs. Cuninghame died, her sister felt as if she could not live without her; and yet she said, that when she thought of the blessedness of the departed soul, she durst not indulge her grief.

* See Wodrow's Church History.

That trying event happened several years ago, but it had made an indelible impression on Mrs. Ewing's mind. She never spoke of her sister's death but with the deepest seriousness.

The writer of this Memoir is not the only widowed husband connected with the Polloc family. Among deceased friends, Mrs. Ewing had to number a lovely, accomplished, and amiable niece, who was called away in the morning of life, soon after giving birth to her third child. Miss Elizabeth Maxwell, afterwards Mrs. Stirling of Kenmuir, was very dear to Mrs. Ewing, both as a near relative, and from early years, a decidedly serious Christian. Congenial in spirit, they were bound to each other by the strongest ties of mutual attachment. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they have not been long divided.

The most prominent feature of Mrs. Ewing's character, was the union of a very superior understanding with the warmest fervour, and keenest sensibility of an affectionate heart. Those who best knew her were most sensible of this valuable union. Various as the views and dispositions of a numerous class of relations must in every instance be, I believe it will not be thought, by any of hers, too much to affirm, that she deserved a high place in the esteem and regard of them all, and that, on her part, she loved them all with the most enlightened and exalted zeal. Her ardent, faithful, and

unwearied love to her affectionate mother, I witnessed daily for several years. Her love to her father, who died when she was about twelve years of age, I have reason to believe was, in that early period, equally intense. I had the fullest evidence that her step-father, Sir John Shaw Stewart, who proved a kind parent to her, was an object of her sincerest and most dutiful affection. Her delight in her sister has already been mentioned. To this must be added a devoted attachment to her two brothers. The memory of the younger, Captain Robert Maxwell, who died many years ago, she tenderly cherished. That the elder brother and his family were ever among the very dearest to her heart, appeared by the whole of her conduct on every occasion, and especially, as I shall be able to show, in her last hour.

She was sensibly alive indeed to every relative claim. The extensive circle of her cousins, and the families of those of them who had any; her contemporaries among them who had been her associates from early life, or those of them who, being younger than herself, were at any time, or in any degree under her charge; all these were ever regarded by her with the tenderest concern for their dearest interests. But it was not necessary to be related to her by the ties of blood or affinity, to obtain the instructions of her counsel, or the zealous exertions of her benevolence. To every

one who approached her, she "opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue was the law of kindness."* To engage her judicious and effective services, it was quite enough to give her an opportunity of serving her God, and doing good to her fellow creatures.

A circumstance very remarkable in the history of my late beloved wife, was the affection and esteem with which she was regarded by worthy persons who intimately knew her from the earliest period of her childhood. Not to speak of any of her immediate relatives, whose delight in her might be considered as the result, in part at least, of their propinquity; nor of her youthful companions, whose juvenile fondness, arising out of mutual amusement, might be confirmed by habit and association; there were some excellent individuals called to discharge to her duties of the most important, but anxious and trying nature, who became attached to her to a degree that is far from being common. She was blest, for example, with a pious nurse, who, being a widow, continued with her during the whole of her childhood, till she was about to be committed to the care of a governess. As the nurse was much esteemed in the family, it was then proposed to her to remain as housekeeper. This proposal she at first declined, being

* Prov. xxxi. 26.

unwilling to undertake so great a charge; but, on finding she could not otherwise continue in the house, she said, " Rather than leave my bairn, I *will* be house-keeper, and do the best I can." In her new office she gave great satisfaction, and did not leave the family till she again married, and rose to a deservedly superior situation in life. To this day, she is respected by them all. While Mrs. Ewing lived, a mutual affection, like that of parent and child, was enhanced by the bonds of Christian fellowship; and now that she is gone, the survivor is justly reckoned among the deepest of the mourners.

Mrs. Ewing's governess was also very faithful and affectionate. She died some years ago in England, of which she was a native. She was in different families before she retired to her own country; but she always maintained a confidential correspondence with her old pupil; visited her as one of her most esteemed friends, when she returned occasionally to this neighbourhood; and, as a serious inquirer on the most important subjects, consulted her whom she had formerly been accustomed to teach.

I have no doubt, that Mrs. Ewing received her first serious impressions from some of her own relations, or from her nurse, and other Christians with whom it was her happiness to be acquainted in her earliest years. It appears, however, that her knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ, was,

under God, the effect of reading a book, which has been blessed to many, Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. By means of it she saw her guilt and depravity as a sinner, who, with all mankind, had broken the holy and spiritual, perfect and eternal, law of God; the love of God in giving his own Son as a ransom for mankind; the suitableness of the Saviour's atonement for sin; and the sufficiency of the grace of the Holy Spirit, who causeth sinners to pass from death to life, and worketh in his people to will and to do of his good pleasure. She received the love of the truth, that she might be saved. Believing in Christ, she enjoyed the earnest and foretaste of heavenly felicity in the present possession of eternal life. Her prayers and praises became those of an adopted child of her heavenly Father; and all the duties of her humble, devoted, self-denied, decisive, and exemplary vital Christianity, were, in her esteem, honours and blessings, for which she never ceased to give the most grateful thanks.

Happy now, in the true sense of the word, she lost her relish for the gaieties of the fashionable world. Her pleasure was the hearing of the gospel, and the other exercises and ordinances of social worship. She was attracted by Christian society, spiritual conversation, and serious epistolary correspondence. Her friendships arose out of religious intercourse. She entered warmly into the spirit

of the exertions of the animating day, in which she had been introduced into the kingdom of Christ. She became interested in the cause of missions to the heathen; of itinerancies and Sabbath-schools in her own country; of recalling the attention of unbelieving Jews to the meaning of their own Scriptures, and the other evidences that Jesus is the Christ; of translating the holy Scriptures into every language; and of filling the world, Greek church, popish, and protestant, Mahommedan and pagan, with copies to every man, in his own tongue, of the ever-living and life giving oracles of God.

The kind of preaching, and of public worship to which she had been accustomed in the different places of her residence in the country, were far from corresponding with her recently acquired evangelical and impressive views of divine truth. She gladly embraced, therefore, opportunities of visiting Edinburgh, where she could have choice of preachers, a wider circle of Christian friends, and more abundant means of obtaining instruction, and enjoying comfort and encouragement in holding fast the confession of her hope. Here she soon began to prefer the itinerant and congregational preachers, for the simplicity, as she termed it, as well as seriousness of their preaching, and for the efforts they were making to form their Christian fellowship solely according to the rules and examples of holy Scripture. She disapproved of the

promiscuous state of communion which necessarily obtains in every national church; felt the want of faithfulness in the usual way of admitting persons, especially of the higher ranks, to the Lord's table; and could not submit to human authority in opposition to the revealed will of the divine Saviour.

On returning to the country, she decidedly refused to hear parish ministers, who did not preach the gospel: and left off joining in communion at sacraments, which she had been formerly in the habit of attending. She not only disregarded the opinion of the world, but declined compliance with the advice of fellow Christians, when she detected in it conformity to the world, rather than being "transformed by the renewing of the mind, and proving what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." She was particularly surprised and shocked at attempts which were made by some ministers of the establishment, whom she esteemed and loved as disciples of Christ, but who advised her to attend a parish church in the country, where the gospel was not preached, rather than give an example of dissent; representing it as a want of spirituality, and of self-denial, and as an evidence of presumption, if she should act in a different manner.

She could not, however, reconcile her mind to various evils, which she was grieved to find prevailing around her: doctrine, in her judgment,

frequently erroneous, or confused, or inconsistent, or brought forward in a careless and uninteresting manner: people generally disposed to a self-righteous system; having a form of godliness (sometimes little even of that), but denying the power thereof: giving no conscientious attention to the religious instruction, and education of children at home; or to the word and worship of God in the family: leaving every thing to the week-day schoolmaster: jealous of Sabbath schools: ashamed to countenance itinerant and dissenting preachers, even when they acknowledged them to be needful: and so opposed to the alarming and humbling doctrines of the gospel, that when she spoke even to the sick and dying of the mercy of God through Christ as the sinner's hope; of the state and character of every man as a sinner; of the corruption of the heart, and the guilt of the life; of the necessity, and the perfection, of the atonement of Christ; of the renewing of the Holy Spirit; and of the exaltation of Christ as a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and the forgiveness of sins;—they sometimes assured her that she was mistaken in their character; that she must have been misinformed by calumniators; that they were not such as she had perhaps been accustomed to meet with in other parts of the country; that she did not know them, otherwise she would have formed a more favourable opinion.

Seeing herself, and her neighbours, surrounded with such grievous disadvantages, she was led to search the Scriptures, with earnest prayer, that she might learn the duty of Christians in promoting the interests of the gospel in the world, and in providing themselves with the means of enjoying the blessings of church fellowship for mutual edification. She soon saw how plain and easy the path of duty is, in these, as in all other cases. She procured visits from itinerant, and congregational preachers to Auldkirk, a village in the vicinity of the place where she then lived. A congregation was raised; a house was hired, and soon after a meeting-house built, for their accommodation; at last a congregational church was formed, which continues to this day, and out of which were early furnished the first materials of a larger church, which has now subsisted several years, in that extensive and important sphere of usefulness, the town of Greenock.—I know no way, in which the work of God may be more speedily or extensively revived in every part of this country, than that Christians act in the same decided manner, wherever it is their lot to dwell. Say not, we can do nothing, because we live in a wilderness. It is the very reason why you should do something. And what you can do is perfectly obvious. Bring to your wilderness the preaching of the gospel. Invite those, whom you know to preach it in other

places; who are ready to come, at your call, to visit you for the same purpose. And look to God for his promised blessing. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."*

The reasons, and the manner, of her dissent from the church of Scotland, it was necessary to mention, in giving an account of Mrs. Ewing's religious progress. On the particulars, however, I need not further enlarge, as the reader will be much better pleased to see them stated by Mrs. Ewing herself, in a letter which was written, I believe, in 1821, to a young friend, who had requested a correspondence with her on the subject of religion, and which that friend has now kindly sent me, and permitted me to publish. It was evidently written in haste, and without the most distant view to publication. On the latter account it appears to me peculiarly valuable; and though she might have wished to have made it a more finished composition; I am certain she would not be ashamed of a sentiment it contains.

"My dear Mrs. E——r,

"My wish to write you, ever since I got your letter, of the 21st September, has been very strong, but hitherto I have been wholly unable. As I told you at church, my last week's hindrance was

* Isa. xxxv. 1.

illness. It strikes me, that in beginning a correspondence, in which religion is to hold the prominent place, and after receiving a statement of your views and feelings on this point, the best plan I can follow is to give you some account of mine. My ideas, in early life, were very vague as to the character of God, and the nature of worship. I merely remember, that when any thing of a distressing nature occurred to me, was it but a dispute with a playmate, the first thought was, "Have I forgot to *say* my prayers." This was mere superstition, for I do not remember attaching an idea to the words I repeated. When about thirteen, I began to have new ideas on these subjects, took delight in contemplating God in his works, and the ordinary round of duties. I can truly say, my most pleasing hours were then spent in reading, singing hymns, and in prayer. I thought, in this way, I should attain the favour of God, and become good. When my good resolutions and devotional plans were broken in upon, and conscience told me I was wrong, I used to be very unhappy, and generally healed this by new resolutions and new efforts, which were as ill adhered to, and cause of new sorrow. When between fourteen and fifteen, I had a great desire to go with my mother and sister to attend the preachings, and be a communicant at Eastwood. My mother told me I was too young to understand the nature of it, and I must stay

at home with Sir John, and take charge in her absence. Till the same period came, the following year, when I was allowed to go, I was very unhappy. My mind had been very deeply impressed with two sermons, one on the omnipresence of God, and the other on the certainty of death and the uncertainty of its summons,—but it was in a volume as destitute of what could instruct me, as to the character of God, and Christ, and myself as a sinner, and the method of salvation, to give permanent peace and joy, and in believing, as the volume you quote, Blair's Sermons. Therefore, I was awakened to new diligence in the old way; and viewing the Lord's Supper as a commanded duty, I was very miserable at not having obeyed it, and was in constant dread of death, thinking my case, on that account, very alarming. It was joy and delight when I was permitted to go, and much time was spent in fitting myself to join, and I suppose my comfort was such as is felt by those who think they really are absolved from their sins when a fellow sinner performs this wonder. You who have heard and read gospel doctrine, may wonder at my ignorance, but I must account for it by telling you that, to the best of my knowledge, I never heard a gospel sermon; and, though I am sure there were Christian characters with whom I had met, and your excellent mother was one of them, I am almost certain I

had no distinct instruction in any other way than in this, of *working for life*. My religious reading was very bad indeed; Blair's, Fordyce's, Sterne's Sermons, and such like. No one questioned me as to my views, young as I was, in going to the Lord's Supper, and I well remember the answer given by the minister when he was asked if he wished to speak with me, was, it was quite unnecessary. I felt increasing importance in religion, but never understood any thing of the true God and eternal life, till about eighteen. I have no doubt he awakened in my conscience a painful sense of my sins, and shortcomings to what I knew of his commandments, but I never till then saw the spirituality of His Law, which being holy, just, and good, proved me guilty, and unable to do any thing, in whole or in part, to justify myself before Him. I never till then saw the suitableness of that atonement made for sin, by Him who laid down his life in the room of the guilty. It was then that the love of God, in sending his beloved Son to seek and to save the lost, appeared at once to relieve from guilty fear, and to bind, by the strongest ties of gratitude, in endeavouring to serve him in newness of life; and the promise of the Holy Spirit to shed abroad that love in the heart, and to work in me both to will and to do of his good pleasure, gave all that was necessary; for I knew, by bitter heart-rending experience, it was

not in me to think even a good thought abidingly. The means that it pleased God to use to open the eyes of both my beloved sister and myself, was Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. How it came into our hands we never could trace. It is a very awakening searching book, and though there are some things in it which we did not approve, yet it led us to Scriptural views of ourselves, of the world, as all corrupt, of the only way in which God could be just, and justify the ungodly, and, I may say, led us to bring its own doctrines to the test of Scripture.

" I have little more to say as to my views as to how a sinner is accepted with God; my progress in knowledge was slow; one great hindrance was the want of the means of grace. In five different parishes, in which I resided, and under nine different ministers, the gospel of the grace of God was not preached. After your mother went to Glasgow, by her means we saw the Evangelical Magazine sometimes. The accounts it contained of the formation of the Missionary Society, and other attempts for promoting the cause of God, I often tell Mr. Ewing was the means of teaching me economy, and the value of money. Till then, my quarterly payment was always forestalled by inconsideration of one kind or another; for even what was extolled as benevolence and generosity, was nothing better than yielding to sympathy and

lively feeling. But I saw when it required money to use the means to save precious immortal souls, I was accountable to God, as a steward, and that there was an object to be attained worth thinking about. When I was delighted with the zeal and self denial of Missionaries going into foreign climes, I often wished some such would visit Scotland.

"You can hardly, then, form an idea of the pleasure conveyed to me by a pamphlet your mother put into my hands, giving the journal of the first itinerancies of Messrs. Haldane, Aikman, and Rait; and I accepted an invitation to go to Edinburgh in 1798, chiefly from the wish to meet with them, if possible, though I did not know any person who knew them. My stay in Edinburgh was protracted, owing to Mr. C—— of C——'s coming in to get medical assistance, from October 1798 to May 1799. During that time I heard all the gospel ministers in the establishment, and none other, forenoon and afternoon; but I went as often as I could in the evening of Sabbath to the Circus, and longed for the evening, I liked the style of preaching so much. Some of the established ministers expostulated with me for doing so, and I told them, my only reason was that I found the style more suitable for me, which I attributed to my ignorance, as I thought I was not well enough instructed in the first principles

to be able to benefit by their addresses to Christians.

" When I returned home* I was more than ever grieved for the want of the gospel, both on my own account, and on account of the people of the parish, who were dreadfully ignorant. When I visited them in sickness, or poverty, and spoke to them as sinners needing salvation, they assured me they were not sinners; but some of them excused me for speaking so to them, as they knew in Pollockshaws there were very bad characters. This led me to adopt the plan of writing to Mr. Ewing (whom I did not then know,) for preachers to come down. My mother also got a Sabbath school and a serious teacher.——

" The way I had been myself received as a communicant, and the mixture of moral and immoral, religious and irreligious, without discrimination, who I saw were alike made welcome at the Lord's table, by both gospel ministers and careless ones, in the Church of Scotland and the Church of England, made me wonder greatly. I questioned some of them on the subject, and asked them if they did not think it was calculated to deceive. Some said they fenced the tables, and it was at their own peril if any improper characters joined. Others said it was vain to try to keep back such, for other ministers would receive them, and if once received

* To Ardgowan.

by any, they must ever after, or be subject to censure in church courts. Others said that they might be prosecuted in a civil court, if they refused; and some, that they could comfortably sit with a murderer on one hand, and a drunkard on the other, and hold communion with God. As to the Church of England, I knew none could be kept back if they choose to come, except they could be excommunicated.

"When I was led to feel uneasy on this subject, on account of some dear to me, who, I thought, were deceived by a round of externals in religion, some passages of my Bible struck me, as teaching a different mode from any I knew of, for I had not then ever heard of any person or church who did. I felt anguish at the idea of my aiding in deluding any, after testifying to them that they were not building on the true foundation of hope, by seeming to unite with them in professing that we both were believers in Christ. This led me to earnest prayer to God for direction, and knowing all his will was to be found revealed in his word, I began reading the New Testament, on my knees, entreating the Lord to lead me to see where the error was, and to instruct me that I might follow, not others, but be guided by Him.

"I was much astonished to find how much bore on the nature and duty of a church, and soon came to see that it was owing to the blindness of my

mind that I had been so much perplexed. The manner in which the churches are addressed by the Apostles, in the Epistles, shews what the characters were who had been received. Our Saviour's directions to his Disciples, and the very words of our Lord, when he instituted the Lord's Supper, seemed to me indubitable evidence, that only those who are his children by faith are by him accounted fit. I saw there were rules to be followed that would prevent unbelievers being received as such, and rules by which, if any by hypocrisy crept in, they would be, on detection, excluded. I saw promises to obedience in this, and threatenings to disobedience. It even appears that He will permit some hypocrites to creep in, for the very purpose of proving the fidelity of his servants. When I came to some clear notions of what a Church of Christ should be, I did not know if there were any of this description in existence, and therefore, as from conscience, I could no longer be a member of a mixed church, you may guess, I was very thankful when I found there were some who had united on the same principles.

"Now, my reason for giving you this history of myself, is (as it relates to my views of a church), you speak of the difference between an Episcopalian and Independent, as immaterial. What I have seen as a part of the will of that God who is so wise as to do nothing and require nothing in

vain, cannot be so accounted by me. And I can truly say, I have not been swayed by the piety, or talents, or learning of men at all, either in forming or estimating my judgment in this matter. Indeed, I experienced that, in complying with my convictions, I had all the temptations on the other side —all my worldly friends, and I must say, the most of my Christian friends, were much opposed to it. The more I study the Scriptures, the more I see the effects of scriptural churches, the more I also see of the wisdom and goodness of God to his people—when thus separated, and thus following all his will. Though I am thus avowedly an Independent, I feel no difficulty in loving all of every sect and name, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and rejoice in joining with them in every act of worship, and every thing, in which they do not unite with themselves, those who give evidence they are not one in Christ Jesus.

"I shall be happy to hear from you after you have read this very tedious letter, which, from want of time, I have not been able to compress. You will not criticise the style, but I should like to have your observations—how far you go along with me, and where you differ. In some places, I dare say, my meaning may be obscure; point this out, and ask explanation without ceremony. It will give me very great pleasure if I can be of any use to you, and perhaps you will write with more satis-

faction to me that you know more distinctly my sentiments.——

"I remain,

"My dear Mrs. E——r,

"Yours sincerely and affectionately,

"B. Ewing."

To the above, I shall add a short extract from another letter, to the same correspondent, because, although written in great haste, and containing hints only, it appears to me to suggest what is calculated to be useful, as well as to illustrate the character of the writer.

"My dear Mrs. E——r,

"I have not at present time to enter fully into the subject on which we differ as to justification; I would refer you to the Eleventh Article of Religion in your own Prayer Book, and when we meet, I will state how I think James, in his Epistle, teaches the same doctrine.—I very much approve of your endeavouring to instruct your servants, and think *plain reading* to them is an admirable means; even if you put good books into their hands, they read so ill in general as not to understand. Burder's Village Sermons have been very useful in that very line. There are a few plain tracts, too, that I think peculiarly suited for this purpose; I will endeavour to pick some out for

you of those I like, and you can read them first yourself. Besides reading, a word or two of personal address is very useful—such as saying, before you begin, that it is with an impression of the danger of their immortal souls, if they are without faith in Christ, that you read to them; or, stopping when you feel the importance of any sentence, and entreating them to apply it to their own consciences, as they must give an account to God for having heard the word that saves the soul. I write in great haste, but you will excuse it. May the Lord lead and guide you into all truth, and establish you in the faith and hope of the Gospel, and bless you, and honour you to gain the souls of all those dear to you, and who, from being under your roof, are committed in a manner to your care.

"I am,

"My dear Mrs. E——r,

"Yours very affectionately,

"B. EWING."

"4, Carlton Place, 15th Nov. 1821."

Since the first edition was published, I have been favoured with the perusal of some of Mrs. Ewing's letters to a Christian friend, at an earlier period, from three of which I subjoin extracts, as manifesting at the time, the state of mind, described afterwards by herself, in the former of the two preceding letters.

"Pollok, June 24th, 1801.

"Your letter, my dear Miss S——e, would not have been so long unanswered had I been well, but soon after I wrote you, a trifling cold I took soon after I left Edinburgh increased very much, and after the cough abated, a great weakness and pain in my breast remained, and writing I felt painful.—I have been here and at Craigends for change of air, which has had so much effect, that I am now almost perfectly restored to my wonted health and strength, and return home to-morrow. I am sure you will admit my apology for my silence, and I hope will give me a proof of it by writing soon. I have experienced much of the Lord's goodness in every period of my life, but I never was more sensible of his mercy than in this fit of illness. While I could look round me and see many of the Lord's dear children in deep distress and sufferings, I who am the chief of sinners was afflicted in measure, and while they were in want of almost every thing that could outwardly mitigate, I had every outward comfort. —Indeed I see much cause to wonder at the Lord's dealings.

"*July 4th.* Though I begun ten days ago, I have never had it in my power till now to resume my pen, though I assure you I have not been without the inclination. I really fear you will think my long silence unkind, but it has not been my choice.

I returned home to Ardgowan this day week, and there has been constant company ever since that has entirely occupied me. . . . . Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I promise myself much from the continuation of your correspondence; don't forget the notes of the sermon you promised me, and whenever you indulge me with any, remember you confer a very great obligation on me. I can promise you no return in that way, for when I attempt it you have no idea how poor a business I make of it. I was much pleased with your anecdotes of the old woman; I am sure it would fill you with gratitude and joy, to be permitted to administer to the comfort of any of the Lord's poor but dear afflicted ones, and I think I never heard any thing more suited to afford consolation than that sermon of Mr. P—s. I often think of both it and the one on 'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion,' which was one of the most searching things I every met with. We are so apt to say, 'Peace, peace,' that we need to be alarmed and roused. Does it not appear wonderful that ever we should be careless and secure, when we consider the unspeakable importance of having our hearts right with God. Ah if we realized this, that a weight of misery or a weight of glory must be our portion, could we give sleep to our eyes, could we think on any thing else till we could say, 'I know whom I have believed, and that he is

able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' The carelessness of the old woman you mention, is almost inconceivable, if we did not know of those who are in a natural state, that Satan is said to have blinded their minds. I was particularly struck with a visit I had the very day, I believe, I begun this letter, from an old woman who only left this last term, after being three years in the house. While here, she used often to borrow my books, but seemed to have no more relish for spiritual things, than any other one in the house. When she went away she bid my maid ask me to let her keep for a while a copy of Newton's Hymns, some of which I had marked for her when she lost her youngest daughter, who was but a short time married, and I gave her some tracts. She said she had come to thank me for all my kindness while she was at Ardgowan, not having had an opportunity there, and burst out a crying. I thought she alluded to my having given her some mournings when her daughter died, and having lent her books, and told her I had and still sympathized with her, and was going on to lead her mind where true comfort alone was to be found, when she stopped me by saying, it was not her temporal concerns that was giving her distress. She could not say much for crying, and it was really affecting to see an old woman a good deal above 60, seemingly so much in earnest. She

spoke as if it had been a short time before she left us, that she had begun to think. She listened to me with the greatest attention, while I tried to speak to her the best way I could. I had expected another opportunity of conversing with her, and had hoped to have drawn out her views, which would have given me more advantage in helping her, but was disappointed. I think often of her. Oh if it please the Lord to make use of a weak instrument, and bless what he helps me to say! I propose sending her Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, which the Lord made very useful to both myself and my dear sister, whose deathbed scene you may have heard me speak of. It gives clear and deep views of sin, and then leads to the only method of salvation; but it is likely you may have read it. Till we see our depravity and total helplessness, it is impossible we can feel our want of Christ as a complete Saviour. You see I have written a long letter to encourage you to do the same; I hope you will not be long of writing me. I have seldom any opportunity of conversing with those of my own sentiments, so that a letter from a Christian friend has a double relish. I have lately lost a dear Christian friend, a mother in Israel, Mrs. S——n, on Leith Walk. Her death was the most triumphant one I ever knew, her last words were, 'I am

more than conqueror!' I am sorry I have not room to give you a further account of it, perhaps I may in my next. It is very animating when we hear of this, to think the residue of the Spirit is with him who has promised to give it to them that ask. That you and I may live to his glory, and bear a dying testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Miss S——e, your sincere and affectionate friend,

"BARBARA MAXWELL."

"Ardgowan, August 3d, 1801.

"Your very acceptable letter I received ten days ago, for which, my dear Miss S——e, I return you many thanks, as also for the large and excellent notes of the sermon, which were quite a treat. I think, from the sample you have given me of Mr. S——t's style of preaching, I may congratulate you on his having got a call to your neighbourhood; and it is my earnest desire that his labours may be greatly blessed to your soul, and the souls of all who sit under his ministry. However well you may hitherto have been supplied with good young men as preachers, a stated ministry seems more calculated for usefulness, both because one who knows the characters of the people he is living among has greater advantage in addressing them, and that they have the benefit of his private advices, as well

as his public teaching. I regret you are so far from the place of worship, as I am sure you must find it at all times very inconvenient, and often be disappointed. It gratified me much to think my letter was in any degree comfortable to you, and it fills me with wonder to think the Lord should honour such an unworthy creature as I am in making me instrumental of any good; that any thing I should write should be helpful in spiritualizing another, when I am so much the reverse myself, shows we are just what God makes us to each other. Happy will it be for us if the Lord blesses our correspondence, in making it a mean of leading us nearer to himself. Let it be our mutual prayer that it may be so. You say you are anxious to hear more of the old woman I wrote you of. I saw her, and had some conversation with her the very morning before I received your letter. I had intended writing her, and sending her Doddridge's Rise and Progress, &c., but found afterwards it would not be easy to get it safely conveyed to her from particular circumstances, so I was particularly glad of this opportunity of meeting with her. I saw she felt a great degree of diffidence in speaking to me, which made me not ask her so many questions as I should have liked, fearing, if I had done so, it might have made her avoid meeting me at some future period; but what she did say pleased me much, and she wept much when speaking of her

family, of which only one is living, saying, she had toiled all her life to support their bodies, and put them in decent situations, but she had sadly neglected their souls' interests, as well as her own, which was now a heavy matter to her. She said her situation (which is a busy one) often diverted her from the gloomy views she had of herself, but this was not now her wish. She said her mind generally was in darkness, though sometimes she had comfort in duty. Here I should have liked to have asked what it was that that comfort was drawn from, but thought it best not, but only to try and direct her to where the only true comfort was to be found, and to warn, that all which could not be traced to that source was to be feared and questioned. I trust she is truly in earnest, and if so, the Lord will reveal himself to her, and teach her by his Spirit.—I had a letter lately from Lady L——t. She has been complaining, though now better. She once proposed seeing her friends in the west country, but now seems uncertain if she will make it out this summer. I never wonder at people being unwilling to leave home, I have such a dislike to it myself, except when going among the Lord's people. I was on a visit when I received your letter. I never go any where that I possibly can avoid; but though I find it hurts and dissipates my mind sadly, yet I cannot see it duty to give up my near relations, as it might give them wrong

notions of religion, thinking it tended to make one gloomy, and to break those bonds of affection which it is our duty to show is made stronger by it. Till we see them as creatures not merely of a day, but who are made for an eternal world, we may love them in a selfish way, but we never can feel that deep interest in them that this view is calculated to give.—I was in Glasgow a Sabbath, and was all day at the Tabernacle, and joined as an occasional communicant, which, indeed, I have done before. It was a sweet day to me. Mr. Ewing lectured; Mr. Aikman, from Edinburgh, preached both the afternoon and evening sermon. His afternoon text was, 'And such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God:' a most comfortable subject, and much suited to the state of my mind. In the evening, he had a remarkably striking sermon from these words, 'And the Lord God said unto Adam, Where art thou?'—After introducing his subject by saying, no Scripture was of private interpretation, but applicable to all, he wished to improve the one he had chosen by asking this question, Where art thou? at all his hearers, and it was one of the utmost consequence to consider, as it was one that assuredly the Lord God would ask at every individual. He had no heads, but put the question to every different character; the

Infidel, the Deist, the Self-Righteous, the Formalist, the Hypocrite, the Careless, &c. When addressing those who went with the multitude, and said, If they were wrong, they were in no worse a situation than others, he had a very striking, and to me a new, view of the rich man in hell's request for his brothers, in proving this their prop would be an aggravation of their misery. He said, this wish that one from the dead should be sent to warn them of their danger, did not flow from commiseration; no part of Scripture warranted us to believe any amiable feeling was to be found in hell; but from the knowledge, that as he had either led them into, or been a partaker of their wickedness, their accusations would be an addition to his misery. It appeared to him, that their being joined by their associates in wickedness, made part of their torment, and quoted as his authority for this opinion, 'Bind them in *bundles*,' in the parable of the wheat and tares. I never was so much struck before with Mr. Aikman's preaching. We have Mr. Ewing's assistant staying here just now for sea-bathing. You probably have heard of Mr. Greig, as he was one of the Missionaries on board the Duff when it was captured. His health suffered very severely from his ill treatment while a prisoner, and he has been worse this summer. He has been recruited a little by the bathing, indeed so much so, that he preached to us all last Sabbath, that our

minister might get across the water, where, I probably have before mentioned, there is a great desire to hear, and where they have been particularly anxious Mr. Robertson should go to them on a Sabbath, which he had never had it in his power to do before. We were all much pleased with Mr. Greig. He seems a truly pious man. I have no opportunity, however, of getting acquainted with him.—I must now conclude, as I have an opportunity to send this to Glasgow. I hope you will write me as soon as you conveniently can, as I value your letters very highly indeed, and to me letters are peculiarly a charity.

"I remain, with much affection,

"Your sincere friend,

"BARBARA MAXWELL."

"Ardgowan, Oct. 3d, 1801.

"There is only one thing I have to find fault with in your letters, my dear Miss S——e, and that I must make a point may never be in them again, and that is a supposition I may be wearied of their length. You really can have no notion what a treat you furnish me with. I really tire for your letters, and never finished reading one without regret it was no longer. I grudge to exact more of your time, but perhaps if you wrote a bit every now and then, when you found time, you might indulge me with more; and, believe me, you could

not confer a greater favour. I feel much obliged to you, and more than obliged to you, for your last letter, which contained much indeed. I almost feel envious of your talent for writing notes of what you hear. One thing that in part reconciles me to my deficiency in this, is that I think I should perhaps be vain of it. It is very desireable, both on one's own account, and for the benefit and comfort of others.—For my own use I generally only mark down any new view of Scripture I hear in the lecture, and the practical improvement of a sermon. I try to make out the heads and particulars, but even in the most striking sermons I sometimes find this not very easy, though I sometimes think before I begin I could write it all. Of late I have been writing out as much as I could remember, to send to a young friend whose mind seems very decidedly bent on the best things, but even my desire to be useful to her cannot produce much, and that little but indistinct.

"*Saturday night.*—I must finish my letter to-night as I have an opportunity to send it to Mrs. H., who forwards it early on Monday, and yet I hardly know how to do it, there is such a weight on my spirits. Since I wrote in the morning I have heard of the death, and suddenly too, of a very thoughtless young woman, a friend of mine. I have heard too that a Christian friend's life is despaired of; and I have been witnessing a very

melancholy scene. A young woman, not a year married, was delivered of twins (one of which was dead born). Sabbath se'ennight, during her labour, she was in nervous fits, and soon after fevered. The fever has taken her head, and they have had difficulty to hold her in her bed for some days. She is thought to be dying. I did not see her, as she had been very high all night, and was then lying comparatively quiet, but it was affecting to hear the recital of her situation from a weeping mother. Every one is astonished at the wonderful composure of her poor husband; but I trust it is because, while he experiences the truth, that in the world he must have tribulation, he has peace in God. He is one of those whom we have every reason to believe the word has come to with power under Mr. Robertson's ministry amongst us. Every thing around us is reminding us of our mortality, even while in health, and the deaths of those whom we have known, I think, especially have a warning voice, telling us to prepare also, as we know not but we shall be the next called to appear at the bar of God's judgment. I promised to send Mr. Newton's Letters to Jenny Ramsay, to some person, and it strikes me it was you, but I have looked for them in vain; the copy I once had of them on loose paper is gone, and the other is in a book, with many other things, too large to send; but in looking for them I found one of Mr. N.'s that I think

is excellent, and, as it has never been published, it is likely you may never have seen it: if you like, you may take a copy, but I must beg to have it returned first time you write, as I have not yet copied it into the above mentioned book, where I generally insert any thing as well worth the preserving. I am glad to hear you have the prospect of being in Edinburgh this winter. It is the place of all others on earth I like to be in, and that I rejoice most to hear of my friends being in who know how to value its high privileges.—I really grieve for your disappointment with regard to Mr. S——t, but trust the Lord will send you one after his own heart, and in his own time. I once thought with you that it was my duty to go to church where the gospel was not preached, when I could not get elsewhere, but I must own it now appears in a different light. My idea is, that where the gospel is neither preached, nor known, nor felt, nor practised, the minister and people are like the Athenians, worshipping an unknown God; therefore, joining with them appears to me to be joining and confirming them, as far as we can by our example, in idolatry or mockery. Surely it is a snare to those who are ignorant, when they see those who profess other things joining with them in worship: they must naturally conclude they are not so far wrong, and that the difference must be in *non-essentials.* Surely this (if it has this effect)

cannot be for the glory of God, or for the good of the souls of others, and I do not think we can say we get any benefit to our own souls. False doctrine never can feed the soul, but, I think, is calculated to deaden it and make it grow lean. You see how freely I write my sentiments to you, not as any rule of conduct for you, but wishing to discuss the subject with one I hope to reap benefit and instruction from. Tell me plainly whenever you think me wrong, and you have my thanks beforehand.—I am sure this is a very confused letter, but this my correspondents must lay their accounts with. To-morrow is the Lord's day, Oh that it may be greatly blessed to our souls! It is a wise appointment that we should rest from our labours, retire from the world, and devote a day in seven to the care of our immortal souls. Oh that we may be prepared to begin an eternal Sabbath in the worship of God in the Temple above! Write soon, my dear Miss S——, to your very sincere and affectionate friend,

"B. Maxwell."

Mrs. Ewing's superior talents and amiable temper had been cultivated with every possible advantage of education, not only by her excellent governess, but by the first masters in every useful and elegant accomplishment, both in Edinburgh and London. She had also the best opportunities

of seeing the most polished society. Her step-father, himself a man of very powerful mind, and engaging qualities, was in habits of intimacy with the first people of his day, to whom he every where proved a centre of attraction. For many years he was almost constantly in parliament, during which his family sometimes spent the winter in London; and there were very few places of note, or interest, or general resort, in any part of the island, which they did not occasionally reside in, or visit, in the other seasons of the year. Besides the circle she daily moved in at home, therefore, there were many persons of eminence and celebrity, in all parts of the kingdom, whom she had, more or less, seen and known, in her younger days.

When, with these opportunities of improvement, she came to enjoy the renovating influence of Divine Grace, the result was admirable. Her knowledge of the world, her correct sense of propriety, her elegant manners, her powers of conversation; combined with a thorough acquaintance with the nature of the principles she had embraced, and the most conscientious integrity, and affectionate modest humble zeal;—these rare qualities added such winning and commanding influence to the example she gave of true religion; that its friends were delighted, and its enemies often alarmed. With simplicity of heart she made a solemn avowal of Christian principle, and

adhered to it inflexibly on all occasions. At the same time, her open profession of the faith of Christ was entirely free from moroseness. She was deeply serious, yet always cheerful; cheerful often to liveliness, yet always composed. She was uniformly decided in declining whatever she considered as sinful compliance; but never obtrusive in urging on others an imitation of her practice. She sought no one's countenance, where there was not cordial, and acknowledged union in principle. She was jealous, lest partial friends should deceive themselves, by an adoption of rules, which they did not really prefer. And, if any one encountered her in the form of an opponent, while she rose superior to the "fear of man which bringeth a snare;" she did not think it desirable to provoke controversy about particular indulgences or restraints, except the foundation of repentance unto life were previously laid, and the motives to willing obedience duly enforced, in the faithful communication of the leading doctrines of the gospel. To dispute about the former alone, or in the first instance, she called, a mere lopping of the branches: it was only, she said, by means of the latter, that, through the blessing of God, "the axe could be laid to the root of the trees."

None could feel more keenly than Mrs. Ewing did, under unkind treatment, especially when religion caused, or exasperated, the hostility she

experienced. But if she had poignant sufferings, she also had strong consolations. In cases of misunderstanding, few, indeed, could be more free from the painful consciousness of having intentionally given provocation. Had she dropt a hasty word, she was miserable till she acknowledged it, in the most candid manner. Her habitual kindness made it impossible to suppose, that she meant to do any thing with bitterness. Disputes about temporal affairs she settled with a facility, and a nobleness of mind, which quashed them in the commencement, and sometimes astonished those who had been ready to contend with her.—If used injuriously on account of her zeal for the gospel; if misrepresented, or wounded in any tender part, because of her faithfulness to souls, which ought to have met with a very different return; she was chiefly sorry for the state of those, whose enmity was against God rather than her, and could prove injurious only to themselves. The strongest thing I ever heard her say of her own wrongs was;

> "But with my God I leave my cause,
> From him I seek relief;
> To him in confidence of prayer,
> Unbosom all my grief."

These lines I have heard her repeat, but only once or twice, and in private confidential conversation. The world never heard from her, that she had

any griefs to complain of; she always gratefully acknowledged that her trials were few, and her comforts many; most cordially did she comply with the precepts of our Saviour, as to the forgiveness of injuries, and the love of enemies; for this, I believe, she had a testimony to the reality and excellence of her religion, in the consciences of some, who had warmly opposed her; while those who best knew her had frequent occasion to be astonished and delighted, at the cordiality and zeal with which she practically evinced the forgetfulness of injuries, and the sincerity of her love, in every instance of reconciliation, and even in instances where no apology had ever been made. Usually, indeed, she felt humbled to think, that she had so little of that religion, for which others gave her credit, while they took offence at its alleged excess. She was only anxious to be preserved from any compromise of principle, which might offend God, injure her own soul, distress fellow Christians, and harden adversaries in unbelief. As to every other view of the subject, she manifested a steadfast faith in our Saviour's crowning beatitude, and a cheerful compliance with the exhortation he connects with it. "Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed *are* ye when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely

for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great *is* your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."*

Here, again, I have the happiness of letting her speak for herself, in a letter written by her at an early period, to a young Christian friend, whose spirits were sinking, and whose health was injured, in consequence of severe afflictions of this nature. It breathes the tenderest sympathy, and suggests the most animating consolations, while it deals faithfully and closely with the conscience, and gives the most appropriate and salutary practical advice.

"Saturday Night.

"My dear ——,

"I am truly sorry to hear of your trials, and of your being unwell, and also of that despondency of your mind, which is of all the most painful. Read the 51st of Isaiah, especially the 12th and 13th verses.† They are addressed to those in the most distressing situations, and calculated to afford support and comfort. Your mind seems full of darkness; but whatever your former attainments have

* Matthew v. 10—12.

† "I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor?"

been, it never will be by looking back for evidence of your own Christianity that you will find satisfaction. Nor should any view of yourself as the chief of sinners, keep you from attending the means of grace. Jesus says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Obey this gracious invitation, and you will find, that faithful is he that promises. It is no proof that any are not the Lord's that they are afflicted. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' It is through much tribulation that his people are to enter the kingdom of heaven. Many have seen reason to bless God for affliction. I would hope I may say I am one. Indeed, God does nothing in vain; he does not willingly grieve the children of men; and it becomes all to inquire, wherefore he contends with them, and to listen to the voice of his dispensations. But this we must ever remember, none of them can speak a language contrary to Scripture; and God plainly declares, that he wills not the death of sinners; yea, condescends to complain that they will not come unto him that they may have life. What love is there in this! If you have made the greatest progress in the divine life, it is only by holding the beginning of your confidence steadfast that you can have peace and joy; and if you are yet living without Christ, and without God, still there is a fulness in him,

and whoso cometh unto him shall in no wise be cast out: 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened.' None ever sought his face in vain. But remember, my dear ——, for all those things the Lord will be inquired of. Are you as often on your knees, as you are employed in ruminating on the trials you are exposed to? Are you as earnest in seeking the direction and assistance of God as you are desirous of the sympathy of your friends? Or may what our Saviour says to his disciples be applied to you, 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name.' But what follows this, listen to it as if now addressed to yourself; and so it is, for no Scripture is of private interpretation, and most delightfully encouraging it is. 'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' I remember a text of Scripture that was very delightful to me in a trying time, and probably I have often mentioned it to you, 'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.' What an unspeakable cause of thanksgiving, that we have a God to go to, whose power and love are so great, that we need fear nor want nothing if he is ours, and who invites us to call upon him in the day of trouble.

"I trust you will be kept from making sinful compliances. On the minds of others they would have

a bad effect. As for yourself, believe it, they will have a very baneful influence; you will lay yourself open to more requests of a like nature; and you never can have peace of conscience if you do not walk in the path of duty. Do not mind what is said of you that you know to be false; that is what we must ever expect; all who make a profession must expect that cross. I beseech you to receive this not from men, they are only a second cause, but from God; he reigns, and has every heart in his hand. This idea keeps us quiet, and prevents our feeling resentment to those whom we view only as instruments. We are called to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. I desire to bear you on my mind when I am pleading for myself at a throne of grace. May the Lord keep, and guide you, and lead you near to himself, who is the source of all blessedness, and comfort, and joy. I am, my dear ——,

"Your affectionate friend,

"B. Ewing."

While Mrs. Ewing "walked in wisdom towards those that were without," she exercised a conscientious forbearance towards fellow Christians who did not agree with her on particular questions of personal conduct, whether in Christian fellowship or in ordinary life. She never declined to state her own views when inquired after, to vindicate

them when attacked, or to recommend them to the examination of those who had not before considered the subject; but she had a high sense of the rights of private judgment; she desired no conformity without conviction; she deprecated a blind submission to human authority as offensive to God, disgusting to his people, and degrading equally to those who yielded, and those who required, or so much as allowed it. Accordingly, several of her dearest and most attached Christian friends belonged to denominations of religion different from that which she had herself chosen.

But she was by no means undistinguishing in her opinions, either of persons or things. She never called that a pure Gospel which could leave rules of practice, whether public or private, out of the question. She regarded the Saviour's authority as equally sacred on every subject. She had the strongest possible conviction of the importance of following no human authority, in observing the ordinances of Christian worship and discipline. She esteemed her teachers very highly in love for their works' sake; but called no man father or master on earth. She loved her neighbour far too well to avoid telling him, if she saw him guilty of error or inconsistency; and she was not easily imposed upon by a "holding of the form of godliness," where there was a "denying of the power thereof."

In regard to church government, she was an Independent, approving of the baptizing of believers and their families, and of the observance of the Lord's Supper every Lord's day. She was a member first of the church in Auldkirk, and afterwards of one of the churches in Glasgow which belong to the Congregational Union of Scotland. In the first letter of hers, which is inserted in this Memoir, she tells us how she came by her principles, namely, by "reading the Bible on her knees." Besides other books already mentioned, the following may be specified as having stood high in her favour, and as particularly characteristic of her religious views:—"Brief Thoughts concerning the Gospel, and Hindrances to believing it—Dr. Wardlaw on Infant Baptism—Mr. Monro on the same subject—Thoughts on the Lord's Supper, by a private Christian—Russell's Practical and Consolatory Letters, designed to illustrate the Nature and Tendency of the Gospel—Erskine's Internal Evidence of revealed Religion—Erskine's Essay on Faith—Orme's Catechism on the Constitution and Ordinances of the Kingdom of Christ—Orme's Life of Owen—Orme on the Lord's Supper—Orme's Discourses on the Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit; Divine Influence, and its connexion with Instituted Means."

Having mentioned Mrs. Ewing's religious connexion, it is no more than justice demands to add,

that I never knew a brighter example of one who firmly adhered to holy principle, and powerfully recommended holy principle by heavenly temper. When she confessed her faith, it was "speaking the truth in love," that she "might grow up into him in all things, which is the head, *even* Christ."* She "warred a good warfare; holding faith, and a good conscience."† But "she did not war after the flesh."‡ She revered the authority and fulfilled the prediction of our Saviour, in his blessed injunction, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all *men* know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."‖ I am happy to say, that though eminent in this, Mrs. Ewing was not singular. It is sometimes insinuated, that keenness about correct sentiments is the opposite of an affectionate disposition. I feel called upon to bear my testimony from experience on the other side. I have found those who are most deeply concerned to ascertain the meaning of every Scripture doctrine, most eminent in the exercise of brotherly kindness. Indifference about the truth may speak in a way that shall be very plausible, and very popular, but he who can be pleased with any thing is attached to nothing. That alone is the "bond

* Eph. iv. 15. † 1 Tim. i. 19. ‡ 2 Cor. x. 3.
‖ John xiii. 34, 35.

of perfectness," which the beloved disciple expresses with his characteristic fulness and precision, when he says, "Whom I love in the truth: and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth; for the truth's sake which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever."*

The following extracts of letters, written by Mrs. Ewing at an early period of her religious life, will exemplify at once her natural affection, and her Christian sympathy:—

"Edinburgh, 14th February, 1799.

"My dear ——,

"We must acknowledge we know not what a day nor an hour shall bring forth; we cannot foresee impending misfortunes; and well it is we cannot, for it would unfit us for duty. Much do I sympathize with you, my dear girl, on this bereavement of a very sincere kind friend. You have been much on my mind since I heard this morning of our loss of our highly valued relation. I know none that will feel it more than you. I pray God that it may be sanctified to you. I hope, in taking away an earthly prop, he will lead you to lean upon his own all-sufficient never failing strength. Earthly friends may leave and forsake you, but His truth and faithfulness endureth for ever. Oh that this may now and ever be your stay and trust!

* 2 John i. 2.

Such *sudden* strokes ought to lead us to examine whether we, if summoned as *suddenly* to the awful tribunal, are in any measure prepared. Have we fled to Christ, in whose name alone we can be justified? Is He all our salvation, and all our desire? What an important question! Our present comfort and future happiness depend on what we can answer,—our present comfort, because if we are in our natural state of enmity against God, we must look on all we meet with as the wrath of God revealed against us as rebels with whom he will fight, instead of meeting it, and blessing the hand who visits us, as the hand of a kind Father, who in love is chastening us to bring us nearer to himself:—our future happiness, because we have nothing in ourselves that can make us acceptable in the sight of God. By nature, and a thousand actual transgressions, we are hateful to God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and who will consign us to everlasting burnings if we have not the perfect righteousness of our glorious Redeemer imputed to us. To find whether you have good cause to hope this is your case, I refer you to my last letter; not that I pretend to say it will teach you all you should know, but it is all I can say on the subject, and may help you a little. But pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, which is the infallible teacher. I hope, my dear girl, you will not give way to vio-

lent grief, though I don't desire you not to feel.—I hope you will feel in a manner to be profitable to your soul, and not injurious to your body. Were I with you I might be enabled to speak more to the purpose; however, I hope you have comforts and supports of a superior kind to either my conversation or letters.

"I remain,

"My dear ——,

"Your much attached friend,

"BARBARA MAXWELL."

TO THE SAME.

"Edinburgh, Tuesday Night, 1799.

"I feel an interest beyond expression in —— and —— just now; that the Lord may bless this providence so to them that they may afterwards have cause to say, it has been good for them to be afflicted. David says, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray.' I think I have myself experienced much benefit from having been under the smarting rod, and sure I am I see many many instances daily. Oh that the Lord, in his goodness and abundant mercy, would add them to the happy number! I hope, too, my dear —— will learn some useful lesson by being in the house of mourning. Such a distressing scene must solemnize the mind, and make a strong impression. I trust it will not be of the kind that passeth away like the

early dew or the morning cloud. Believe me ever, my dear ——,

" Your affectionately attached

" B. Maxwell."

The next letter was written on the death of an aunt, and it comes under review now with peculiar interest; because the aunt died, like the dear writer, from being overturned in a carriage, and the letter is addressed to her most intimately connected cousin, the aunt's only surviving daughter, who was present, and most deeply affected, in both cases.

" If it would afford the smallest comfort to you, my dearest ——, I might say much of the feelings of my heart on this truly distressing occasion. But I know by experience that mere human sympathy is vain. The Lord alone is a Comforter. Oh that He may pour the balm of consolation into your wounded bosom! Remember, my sweet girl, the Lord does not willingly grieve us. All is in love. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth; our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory. You say my affliction is not light, indeed it is not, till we take it in a comparative view; then the severest sufferings of a present life appear

nothing to that wrath we deserve as the just punishment of our sins; but for a moment, too, in comparison of eternity, though lengthened out to the longest span. They are not joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, they yield, or are calculated to yield, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. My prayer is that this may be the blessed effect of my dear ——'s present trial. I durst not venture to come to you, as I gladly would, had I been well, but I trust, my dearest —— will be supported in another way than I could. Wait on the Lord, and you will find you shall not wait in vain. Let me assure you, my sweet ——, of the tender affection of your truly attached friend,

"B. Maxwell."

The last letter, which I shall insert in this place, is written on a subject of a peculiarly trying, and delicate nature, and appears to me to treat it in a manner, equally prudent and conscientious. It also breathes a portion of the spirit of ardent and devoted piety, which so powerfully glowed in the writer's bosom to the last moment of her life.

"Ardgowan, May 10, 1801.

"My dear ——,

"I daresay you would be shocked at your ——'s death, and many painful things suggest themselves when we penetrate into the situation of those who,

so far as we know, die in an unconverted state; but we are not called to be judges of others, and we dare not limit the mercy of God; for though his faithful word (of which, we know, not one tittle shall fall to the ground,) declares expressly that there is no other method of salvation but believing in Jesus Christ, and that those who believe not shall be damned; yet we know not but after ability to confess Christ before men is gone, he may be believed on in the heart. Therefore, the call to you, and to me, is, in such cases, to ask, 'are we ready?' How would it be with *me* were my soul called to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ? Have I indeed seen the impossibility of patching up a righteousness of my own in which I durst appear in the presence of God? Have I felt in myself the truth of what God asserts in his word, that in all things I sin? and have I in good earnest fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before me in the gospel? Oh what a mercy it is, my dear ——, that, while the Spirit of God opens our eyes to see we must despair of hope, or help, in ourselves, it leads us also to the fulness that is in Christ our righteousness. We have broken God's law, and are justly condemned by it. Christ magnified the law, and made it honourable, so that we are justified by his blood who died in our room. Yea, more, he has received gifts for men, and these gifts may be comprised into grace here, and glory

hereafter. That you and I may be partakers of these great benefits, which include unspeakably more than can be conceived, is my earnest prayer. I am glad you was sorry at leaving ——, on account of missing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. I hope you have a real relish for all the ordinances of his appointment. The Lord can make up this and every disappointment, and when we can appeal to him, who is the searcher of hearts, that our desire after any thing is because it is a means of communion with him, and that nothing but a call in his providence prevents our using this means, we may look up for his blessing without the means. Your saying you could part without regret from all friends at —— in the prospect of seeing me, gave me no pleasure, because, I am sure, you might receive a thousand times more benefit to your soul by their example and conversation, than ever you could by mine; and this is the real way to value every thing, not what pleases our foolish fancies, and prejudices, and affections,—where can I be, what can I do, or say, or think, most for the glory of God, and the good of my immortal soul? is the question to ask; and, this in view, we are in the path to happiness.

"Believe me, my dear ——,

"Yours affectionately,

"B. Maxwell."

When, through the gracious providence of God, I obtained that union with the subject of this Memoir, which proved the great solace of my life, and one of the most important advantages to my ministry, and to my own soul, for nearly six-and-twenty years; I was aware of her distinguished Christianity, and of her good sense, good temper, and captivating manners; but I had no idea of the number and degree of other valuable qualities, in which I was delighted to find her so eminently excel. Every day we lived together, I was surprised with her elegant, and liberal, yet judicious, and effective, domestic economy: her knowledge of business, which not only exempted me from all carefulness about my little temporal concerns, but would have qualified her to manage the affairs of any establishment, however eminent and wealthy; her turn for medicine; her affectionate care of the sick; her ingenuity, and unwearied vigilance, in using means for their comfort and relief; her success in finding employment for the industrious, and in making provision for the poor.

While she incurred no expense unnecessarily, she spared none, where the interests of religion were concerned. She was particularly desirous, that I should purchase every book, which could be at all subservient to my assistance, in the study of the Holy Scriptures. The number, or the price,

was nothing; utility alone was to be considered. I need not say, how gratifying this disposition was to me; how congenial to my habits; how important to any one engaged in the duties of the ministry of the gospel! Every hour of the day, when I betake myself to my library for instruction, for relief, and for comfort; it proves deeply affecting, to recall the interesting thought, that I was always urged by her whom I mourn, to extend the limits of such a valuable resource.

What I owe to my departed companion for personal attentions, I shall not attempt to speak of in this Memoir; for I shall never be able, as long as I live, sufficiently to express it. But there is one point, more interesting to me than any thing personal, on which, though equally unable to do her justice, I feel it impossible to keep silence. She gave her hand to one, who was a widower and a father. She became not only the affectionate wife to me, but the motherly hearted, the genuine parent, of an only child, whose own mother had died at her birth, and who, being still in a very early period of her youth, could not know, far less acknowledge her obligations to her new benefactor. Never did mother pay more tender attentions, exercise more fostering care, display more enlightened judgment, evince more Christian faithfulness, or more truly "travail in birth again," in the scriptural sense,

" until Christ was formed in her," than she did to that child. In such an undertaking, she could not but have a mother's cares, and labours, and trials. I bless God, I am able to add, that she also had a mother's, a Christian mother's, reward. For years before she died, she had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing (as she warmly declared on every occasion) the most pleasing result of her parental exertions. To her last hour there existed not a fonder mother for her child, and her child's husband, and their dear children;—and the filial reverence, and affection, and gratitude, which, in joy and in sorrow, they have cherished in return, endears all parties, whether among the living or the dead, to the heavy heart of the once more widowed father.

In proof of the maternal kindly feelings spoken of above, I insert an extract of a letter from Mrs. Ewing to my daughter, on her return home by Edinburgh to Durham, after she and her husband and two boys had paid us a visit, a short time before the birth of her daughter, who is since dead. Other proofs of the same kind will be given afterwards.

" Glasgow, 28th Sept. 1826.

" My dear Jessy,

" Both your letter from Edinburgh, and the other from Durham, afforded us pleasure, and

caused thanksgiving to our God, for his continued care and kindness to you, and yours; and we trust, when you have time to give us your Edinburgh news, you will be able to tell us you have not felt the effects of the journey. For you only did we fear for any other consequences, from the very long journey and fatigue with the children. I need not tell you we often think and speak of you, and desire ever to remember you in our prayers. Such an interview as the Lord permitted us to enjoy, must increase our interest, and that sort of minute sympathy in each other's affairs, which correspondence does not altogether supply. Many things remind us of the children. Greville's horse, with four legs, still lies on the gravel at Corkerhill, and the paper house I cut for him is hung to an empty cotton bobbin; and when the honey spoon is removed after breakfast, or any sweet thing appears after dinner, then James's voice, and his trot into the room to *Gan-Ma*, is brought vividly to mind. The parents are not forgot either, especially the gratification of seeing you conveying to your son the knowledge of that way of salvation, which for so many years it was my prayer to God you might receive for your own soul. May you be kept by His mighty power, and enabled, with your husband, to abound in the work of the Lord, in your family, and in the station He has placed you in, in his vineyard! And

if we should never be permitted to meet again on earth, may we anticipate here, and enjoy hereafter, a glorious and happy meeting, never again to part! Many kind inquiries have been made for you, all and sundry, as you may believe; and I greatly delight in the thought that you and yours by this visit, have a greater share in the hearts and minds of many of the Lord's dear praying people—in which I place great confidence. . . . We join in love, and kisses to the dear boys. I am,

"My dear Jessy,

"Yours affectionately,

"B. Ewing."

It ought to be noticed, that Mrs. Ewing was all her life remarkable for her love to children and young people. Had she possessed the most ample fortune, she would have been inclined, in early life, to have spent it on feeding and clothing the children of the poor. This came to be so well understood, that it was alleged the beggars sometimes borrowed children from one another to move her compassion, when a child, by displays of twins, and numerous young families. She soon became able to detect imposition, and in no case did she do more good, with judicious economy, than in assisting to provide for the young. But whether assistance was required or not, wherever she met with young people they attracted her regard, and she engaged

their attention and affections. She treated them with the most genuine and unwearied kindness; and, at the same time, had an excellent talent for keeping them in order, superintending their education, and training them to useful habits. Nor did she ever cease to take an interest in their welfare. When religious principle was added to natural affection, these exertions were wonderfully increased and improved. I have reason to believe she was the spiritual parent of more than one young person; and if any have had much opportunity of receiving her instructions, and knowing her manner of life, without deriving any religious benefit from these things, I should fear they were examples of no common hardness. As a specimen of the interest she felt in her young friends, especially in their spiritual welfare, I subjoin a letter written to a young gentleman on going abroad, of which a copy was taken by one equally concerned for his welfare.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND GOING ABROAD.

" April 3d, 1821.

" My dear ——,

" Having watched over you and your sister in the years of your infancy with something of a mother's solicitude, I felt more than I wished to express at the idea that I should never see you

again when you took leave of me to-day. Most sincerely do I wish you success and comfort in your worldly pursuits; but I cannot stop there, my heart's desire is, and my prayer for you has been, from your birth, that you may have better blessings than this world can bestow. Remember, my dear ——, that in leaving this country, where Bibles abound, where the gospel is preached, and where you have had many proofs of its transforming influence on the characters of those around you who believe it, you cannot leave your responsibility for what you have enjoyed of this—you may be far away from any who will, either by word or look, expostulate with you, if you forget or deride these things among those who do so. But He, who is to be our Judge, he made the eye, shall he not see? He made the ear, shall he not hear? He formed the heart, and knows the very thoughts and intents of it. This is not revealed to tease us unnecessarily, but to awaken us to prize peace with God above all other things. There is only one way of enjoying that, which the Bible teaches us, is by coming to God in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, 'Whoso cometh unto him, he will in nowise cast out.' 'He that believeth in him shall never perish, but shall have everlasting life.' And godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. None are really safe and happy but those who have God for their

friend—who has all power in heaven and in earth, and taste and see that God is good, and blessed are all those who put their trust in him. As in all human probability I shall never have another opportunity of addressing you in this world, as I shall be in my grave before you return, I wish you to consider this as the dying testimony of one who loves you. May the Lord watch over you and bless you, and cause the light of his countenance to shine upon you, through all your wanderings in this world, and grant you a place at his right hand, where are pleasures for evermore, when time shall be no more, is the earnest prayer of,

"My dear ——,

"Your sincere friend,

"Barbara Ewing."

"Accept the little book I send along with this as a token of regard, and read it for my sake."

But let us enter a wider field. Let us survey the purity, the fervour, the piety, and the benevolence of her Christian zeal. Her thoughts and labours by day and night, her chosen theme of animated conversation, and indefatigable correspondence, might all be considered as the accompaniment of these sublime petitions: "Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." For missions

to the heathen, and the propagation of the gospel at home; for the opening of Sabbath schools; for the increase of scriptural Christian churches; for the Congregational Union of Scotland; for the encouragement of the ministers of it, in all their pastoral and all their itinerant labours; for the educating of their children, and the support of their widows; for their own support both in health and sickness; and for the means of training others, like minded, to succeed to the labours of predecessors, or to increase the number of fellow-labourers, and to enlarge the sphere of exertion;—for any, or all these objects, nay, for all objects of a similar nature, her heart and hands, her prayers and means, her influence with others, as well as her personal efforts, were always so quickly, easily, and successfully brought to bear, that she constantly reminded me of her family motto, "I am ready," or rather of the language of the apostle, "ready to every good work."*

Soon after the association of the Congregational Union of Scotland, to assist the smaller and poorer churches in supporting their pastors, and defraying other expenses incident to the propagation of the gospel, and the maintenance of its institutions, it appeared very desirable to form a fund for our ministers' widows, and for superannuated ministers

* Tit. iii. 1.

themselves. But it was evident, that where the numbers were so few, it could not be raised, or supported by the rates of payment alone which could be demanded from the parties immediately concerned. Among other means of aiding the scheme, Mrs. Ewing, at the suggestion of her niece, Mrs. Stirling, engaged fifteen ministers to contribute one sermon each, to a volume of sermons, to be published by subscription, for the benefit of this widows' and ministers' fund. While these were in the press, she made application in all quarters in England and Scotland, for subscriptions for the volume; and with the assistance of some kind friends, whose aid she solicited, she was able to dispose of the whole impression, without the agency of a single bookseller, within a very few months after it was printed; and she had thus the satisfaction of procuring for the fund the clear profit of £418: 0: 10*d.*, besides giving the authors an opportunity of preaching the gospel to many, in various parts of the world, to whom they could not have otherwise had access.

It was a mutual comfort to Mrs. Ewing and me, that during our married life, we were seldom separated; but she never grudged my absence, when it was occasioned by calls of evangelical duty. Most cordially did she consent to my repeated journies to England to attend the anniversary meeting of the London Missionary Society, and the auxiliary

anniversary meetings at Hull and Chester; also to engage in a tour in Norfolk and Suffolk, with a visit to Cambridge, and one to Leicester, on my return, to preach, and to make collections for the Congregational Union; to various parts in Scotland also, as, at one time, a tour in Stirlingshire, at another, in the Highlands of Perthshire, and again, round the east coast, as far as Inverness.

But travelling having been at last recommended for Mrs. Ewing's health, I had the pleasure of seeing her form a plan, by which we might pursue, at the same time, her personal benefit, and the object increasingly dear to her heart, the promoting of the work of God in different places by the preaching of the gospel. From that period, she and her cousin, who staid with us, accompanied me for a portion of some successive seasons, in various excursions for these united purposes. One of these in Ayrshire, Dumfriesshire, and Galloway, carried us to the extremity of the south of Scotland. Another season, we went a still more extensive journey, through several parts of the North, till we reached the extremity of the county of Caithness.

I never saw any person so truly happy as my beloved wife was during these journies. Besides quantities of tracts, which she distributed on the road, she sewed numbers of them in small volumes, to be left with pastors and Sabbath-school teachers, for lending to the people of their charge, or others in

the neighbourhood. She delighted in daily opportunities of public worship, hearing the gospel preached in destitute and sequestered places, visiting the churches, conferring with the pastors, and other Christian friends, on all their encouragements, and all their trials, and suggesting additional means of usefulness. A conveyance was always in attendance, but she was an excellent walker. It was an exercise essential to her health; and she went along so easily and lightly, as never to be heated, far less fatigued. She loved to see me going with my brethren in their usual style of labour. With a walking party she could enjoy much more conversation. Although in crowded roads, therefore, and long journies, or when limited in time, she submitted to proceed more privately and rapidly; yet she no sooner got into those parts of the country where daily opportunities of preaching might be obtained within the distance of a stage, than she proceeded on foot. I have known her walk eighteen miles in a day; all the while maintaining the most useful conversation, quite alive to the exercises of public worship in the evening, and ready to start at any hour next morning to pursue a similar course. In one of these journies she walked above eighty miles in this manner, and returned home full of health and spirits, and more interested than ever in the propagation of the gospel. I cannot express how much her company

cheered me in my itinerant labours; while the acquaintance she formed with persons and places, rendered her subsequent extensive correspondence eminently and permanently useful to many of our brethren.

It required not, however, the excitement of travelling to draw forth her interest in the preaching of the gospel, and in all the ordinances of Christian fellowship. She was a steady, humble, affectionate, and zealous member of the church of Christ, first at Auldkirk, and then at Glasgow. She had, from first to last, a strong and growing sense of the importance of stated public worship, purity of communion, non-conformity to the world, and the acknowledgment of no authority in sacred things, but that of Christ, as expressed in his own word. Ever since I knew her, the Christian exercises of the Lord's day were her highest enjoyment in life; and a silent Sabbath was the bitterest ingredient in the cup of her affliction.

In the year 1824, we had a very interesting journey to London, taking Durham and Cambridge in our way, at each of which places we staid a few days. The immediate object was, to make collections for the funds of the Congregational Union of Scotland, especially to aid their operations in the Highlands and Islands. We accordingly made collections at Cambridge, in many Chapels of London and its neighbourhood,

and at Sheffield on our return. We had also an opportunity of attending the solemnities of Mr. Orme's settlement at Camberwell; an event which we deplored as a loss to Scotland, while we believed it would turn out, as indeed it has done, to the furtherance of the gospel. We had, in the course of this journey, much blessed intercourse with many old Christian friends, as well as with many whom we had never seen before; and Mrs. Ewing was particularly struck with the contrast, on revisiting the great metropolis, as the residence of so many who were eminent for piety and usefulness, which she had formerly known chiefly as the centre of attraction to the great and the gay world. In a letter to my daughter, dated Hackney, 28th October, 1824, she says, "Our Heavenly Father adds much to the enjoyments of his people by the love he inspires them with to one another. We are here in this city experiencing much of this. O how strikingly different are the pleasures now afforded, to those so called, which I was intoxicated with when a girl here! Many of the places I see, and pass by, I trust, awaken gratitude to God for his mercy in delivering me from ignorance as dark as heathenism."

These journies enlarged the sphere of her correspondence to a very great degree. She had known many ministers of the gospel, from the time they had studied for the ministry at Edin-

burgh, or Glasgow; and not a few of whom had been students at the Theological Academy, belonging to our own connexion. On seeing many of them in their pastoral charges, and getting acquainted with their families, and their situation, various communications seemed desirable, on both sides, for promoting plans of usefulness. Her correspondence with the ministers of the Congregational Union became general and constant. The increasing labour of it she was indefatigable in sustaining; and she despatched it with a celerity which, in some degree, counterbalanced its increase. Nor did she confine herself to ministers at home. Some of our students had gone abroad as Missionaries, with whom she maintained (as they gratefully confess) a more regular correspondence, and one conveying more interesting information, than most of the other acquaintances they had left in this country. Her letters never degenerated into common-place remark; but always turned on real business, or proposals of practical utility, for which her resources seemed never to fail, and the success with which she was rewarded often reminded me of our Saviour's reproof; "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Every year, she had the pleasure of attending the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Scotland, alternately in Edinburgh and Glasgow. On these occasions, which occupy two days, there

is a Sermon in the evening of the first, a prayer-meeting next morning before breakfast, a Sermon in the middle of the day, and a meeting in the evening, at which the Report of the Committee is read, and several ministers and other members, from all parts of the country, address the audience. Mrs. Ewing greatly enjoyed the mass of religious intelligence brought forward, and the harmony and brotherly love, and general joy and sympathy, manifested at these meetings; and although she had not always sufficient strength to attend the prayer meeting in the morning, yet she felt the greatest delight in it when she could attend, and a most lively interest in its exercises, even when she could not be personally present.

Besides this anniversary season of enjoyment, on account of what was going on in her own religious connexion, she took an active part, in occasional calls for exertion, and in plans of general co-operation among Christians. She zealously engaged in a sale of Ladies' work in Glasgow, in aid of the funds of the Glasgow City Mission, and superintended one of the tables at that sale. She officiated, along with several friends, in the same way at Edinburgh, in April 1827, at a sale of Ladies' work made there, to assist in promoting the gospel in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland by itinerant preachers and teachers, who are acquainted with the Gaelic language. A sketch

of the labours of the ministers, supported from the proceeds of that sale, has since been circulated, and the Ladies who conducted it have requested the aid of their friends, and all interested in the Highland itinerancies, towards another sale for the same object in March 1829, for which Mrs. Ewing was making preparation at the time of her death, and remembered, as we shall see, in her last hour; and which, I hope and pray, the Lord may countenance and bless, by the instrumentality of others who remain, although their willing associate has been removed.

Amidst all the occupations of a truly public spirit, my dear partner was strongly attached to the habits of private domestic life. Attention to relative duties she was always ready to pay, whether at home or abroad; but neither health nor inclination admitted of her going much into company. She formed few, but very ardent and faithful friendships. To all the interests of her friends she was quite as attentive as if they had been her own; most ingenious in finding opportunities and means of serving them; highly gratified with every service they rendered to her, or at her request to others for whom she had made application. Kind and thoughtful consideration of others, before herself, was indeed one of the most prominent features in her character. She delighted to observe their usefulness; she rejoiced

in their honours, and stood firmly by them, when she saw them unjustly assailed with reproach. She was especially observant of the providential dispensations, which they were called to experience. No one ever more truly exemplified obedience to the Christian precept: 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.' Neither change of place, nor distance of time, could diminish her attachments. These it was impossible to satisfy by personal intercourse. Hence, a very great enlargement of her daily correspondence. Had the communications of private friendship alone comprised the whole of her letter-writing, it would have been wonderfully abundant; she enters so minutely into circumstances, in most of those letters, as to render them unfit for publication; but, when they can with propriety appear, they are peculiarly interesting. There is a simplicity, a cordiality, a cheerfulness, and a tenderness, which marks them as a most accurate transcript of genuine character, and of real life. The two following letters were written to one of her oldest, and dearest Christian friends, on the death of her husband, after a very short illness.

"Glasgow, 8th Feb. 1825.

"My beloved Friend,

"You will not count as an intrusion, an expression of the deepest sympathy from one whom

you have allowed so large a share of your kindness and confidence for so many years.—I know in like circumstances you would feel for me what I felt for you this morning. My thoughts have not been many moments diverted from you and yours since the post brought the notification for which I was wholly unprepared. My ignorance of all particulars unfits me to write, or even to know how to think. How cheering to contrast the knowledge of your best, and kindest, and most sympathizing friend. He who has appointed every part of your lot knows every circumstance, every feeling, and can suit his glorious consolations to the most trying points of every sorrow. Blessed be God, you know to whom to go as a very present help in every trouble, and can plead his promise to answer your prayers, and enable you to glorify his name. I earnestly hope your health will not be overpowered, but that strength according to your day will be granted, and that the Lord will honour you to bear a testimony, by your conduct and lips, that shall powerfully convince all, and particularly your own children and family, that the God whom you serve is 'Love;' and proves this in times the most trying both to faith, and to flesh and blood. I am sure you will (as soon as you can think of it) devise some means to relieve my anxiety about your dear self and your two daughters; next to yourself I dread their suffering in their health. I am sure

it will be your prayer and theirs, in which we shall assuredly unite with you, that this dispensation may be blessed to your dear son, the sister and brother too; but I feel I ought to stop. As soon as I hear I will write again to my dear friend; in the meantime my husband and Jane desire to unite with me in kindest and most sympathizing regards to you and yours, and in prayers that you all may experience that tribulation worketh patience, experience, and hope that maketh not ashamed—the love of God being shed abroad in your hearts abundantly. I am,

"My very dear friend,

"Yours most affectionately,

"B. Ewing.

"I have been confined for ten days with a rheumatic attack, but am better, and was out to-day for a quarter of an hour."

"Polloc, 23d Feb. 1825.

"My very dear Friend,

"I feel extremely gratified and obliged for your very kind letter of the 17th, which I only received day before yesterday. I hope you will know that it was detained, and not think I have been so long in acknowledging it. The day I got it I was fully occupied, for I had to visit three families in affliction, and had some friends to dine with us, and we

left Glasgow yesterday morning at ten, and came round by Corkerhill to get some advance made in preparation to get there as soon as possible, before coming here where we spent last week, and where we shall remain till Friday.—I was truly glad to see your own handwriting, and desire to give thanks for all the comfort your letter contains. The stroke has been sudden and solemn, and the Lord knows and wills that such things must be deeply felt, but he has granted a number of mercies to be mixed, that I trust my dear friend now feels and acknowledges, and which may be matter of everlasting praise. That your own beloved daughter should have been honoured to testify the grace of Christ, and lift up her soul in prayer at such a time, and under such circumstances, must have been joy to your soul under the deepest grief. Her father's expressing his wish she should not leave him, too, must have inspired a hope, which the efficacy of Divine grace, and the sovereignty of Divine power proves our warrant to cherish. You must be sensible how important it was, the faculties of the mind being entire; for it is much more frequent that in cases of such rapid termination it is far otherwise. I notice, and sympathize with you in what you say of conscious failure in duty to your husband's soul. We cannot part with any friend without feeling we have come short either by precept or example. O that every admonition thus

received may stir us up to renewed activity and increased prayer, that God may enable us to redeem the short period of remaining strength granted, to his glory and the good of every soul we have access to! This is the true way to evince our regret for what may have been deficient in the past. I often think it is a device of Satan to divert from present duty by unavailing grief for what we cannot recall, and his end is gained as much by *too* much as *too* little feeling on the point; and the former has so much the semblance of great devotedness to God that it deceives better, and lulls conscience asleep. I never saw any thing like this in you; but I see so much of it, that I am sure you will not be displeased with my stating my sentiments on the subject to you.

"I shall address this to Edinburgh, as you wrote you was to spend some days this week with your daughter; I feel pleased to think of your now, while I am writing you, enjoying the solace of her society. It was a great relief to me to hear she had not suffered in her health. You say nothing particular of either yourself or J——a, but I trust both are as well as I wish you, both in soul and body. I hope when you can think of it, you will make it a part of your plan to give us a share of your time. Remember, my very dear friend, no one has coveted more or had less of your society

during the last twenty-five years. We wish to go soon to the country, but cannot exactly fix our plans, as Mr. Ewing is under engagement to preach a Sabbath soon in Edinburgh, and as I have promised Mr. ——— to pay him a visit to see my grandnieces and nephew before they leave Heriot-row; I plan making my time to suit either this engagement of Mr. Ewing's, or the Congregational Union Meeting, when I know when that will be. Whenever it is I shall look forward to seeing you, and hearing when you will be able to come to us. You bid me tell you particularly about my health; I have been greatly better last week and this—I had a very sharp bilious attack, which at first put on the appearance of inflammation, and then a very bad cold, with so much rheumatism in my head, and feverishness, that I was reduced both in flesh and strength; but I am now making up quickly.—By the first opportunity, I shall have the pleasure of sending you the Service of Mr. Orme's settlement at Camberwell, at which Mr. Ewing having had a part, you will not wonder I like you to see it, as I always have that desire.

"We expect a Deputation from the Irish Evangelical Society this week in Glasgow, and hope we shall have Mr. ——— for our lodger; I think you heard and liked him when in Edinburgh two years ago.

" Miss C. and Mr. E. unite with me in kindest and best wishes to you and yours; and, I am,

" My very dear friend,

" Your truly affectionate friend,

" B. Ewing."

For several years, we spent the summer in the country, on account of Mrs. Ewing's health. We always got a situation so near Glasgow, as to admit of my attending my usual duties to the church, and the academy; and while I could pursue my private studies with less interruption, the health of both was benefited, and my dear companion at once enjoyed her beloved retirement, and maintained a more extensive correspondence than ever with friends at a distance. For the last four years, she felt herself particularly happy in having got our summer quarters on a farm belonging to her brother, with the place of her birth in view, her native fields to range in, and her nearest relations within a few minutes' walk. It had been her lot, from her infancy, to reside in remarkably fine situations: namely, Polloc, Erskine, Finlayston, and Ardgowan. She had been accustomed to all the beauties and sublimities of our picturesque country. These she thoroughly understood, and keenly relished, and was early favoured to enjoy with a purifying and enhancing influence, not unknown to any who are taught of God. But to return to the beautiful and classic grounds of the place of her nativity, where every

spot was connected with some dear and early association; to gather honeysuckles and roses in places, which she recognised as the walks and rides of her childhood and youth; to go from field to field, where she was accustomed to see the game springing and starting before her; to visit the *Rannan*, and the *Avenue*, and the *old gigantic Elms*, and the *Majestic Wood* which towers above the garden, and the *Shaw-holm*, and the *Sheep-park*, and *Bangor's-hill*, and *Crookston Castle;* nay, and even within what we called our own premises, to pursue daily the more homely paths along the plough-formed ridges, or on the banks of the river Cart, or to the top of the Corkerhill; to mark the agricultural operations of the season, the progress of the crops, the swells of the undulating surface of the neighbourhood, the far-stretching vales, the immense ramparts of the bordering hills, and the peaks of the distant mountains in every direction:—all this gave exquisite delight: I shall ever cherish the recollection:—but often it overwhelms me to see her nimble gait, to hear her lively talk, to think of her conversation, at all times so superior on every subject, and never more so than with a family party, or with her friend alone; to recollect many an advice, many a kind entreaty, many an encouraging hope, which she faithfully tendered; yes, and many a song of joy, many a hymn and psalm of praise, which her clear liquid voice, and her affectionate ardent spirit, compelled

me at once to admire, and humbly to accompany! I see, but the form vanishes; I hear, but the sound dies away; I cannot answer, for she waits not my reply; I cannot sing, for the effort deprives me of utterance, and sometimes almost of the power of respiration! One thing, however, comes to my relief. I never heard her speak as if there was any place which she could not leave, or any friend from whom, at God's command, she could not consent to be separated, at least for the present life. She was pleased with her lot, but she confessed herself a stranger, and a pilgrim on the earth. While she adored the Creator, she bowed to the righteous sentence, which hath made the creature subject to vanity. She knew how frail we are; she admired Divine workmanship in the humblest wild flower that caught her eye, yet the sun in the firmament could not tempt her to forget that all these things shall be dissolved. She was ever ready to console herself, and to animate me, with the Christian's triumph, "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."*

The following letter, written to the same dear friend as the two preceding ones, when we had just removed to the country, for the last time, will in some measure, exemplify the details I have given.

* 2 Pet. iii. 13.

" Corkerhill, 14th May, 1828.

" My very dear Friend,

" I have seated myself to obey you, in writing you, the very first moment I could seize, since receiving your very kind note of Saturday's date, which I did on Monday, but that was a day of very great bustle, as we were leaving Carlton-place, not again to sleep there, while the smell of the painting Mr. Ewing's study continued, and yesterday I was fixed down with business I could not let stand another day. The unfavourable weather has been much against my dear husband, who is still feeling his chest, and occasionally coughing, though he has been once or twice a day without coughing, he has been at other times very poorly, and in a feverish sleepless state. On the whole, I do hope he is gaining strength by country air and exercise, and on Friday at the church meeting, on Sabbath both parts of the day, he was so very animated, that his people will hardly believe he is yet so poorly. Our surgeon has begun him with a new medicine, to which I trust the Lord may give more efficacy than to any former one, though he seems to think the advance of the season, and the pure air here, is the only thing that will restore him. Jane has had a sore throat, but has never confined herself for it, and it is nearly gone she says. I have been much in my usual way, not

very stout, and not very ailing, at least not so as to confine me to the house.

"In spite of the cold air, the country is looking lovely. The gean trees,* and birches, looking very gay in the copse woods, and the apple blossoms, shewing their blushing beauties either open or budding. Many of our shrubs round our *bird's nest* here, are full of flowers, and the country, generally green, now looks so much more clothed, I wish you could see it.—How beautiful God makes this world in spite of all its sinfulness! What will that paradise above be where there shall be nothing to hurt or to destroy, where shall flow rivers of pleasure for evermore!—I am glad to find you read Orme's Discourses, I liked them so much. We are in hopes of a visit from him. I have written to entreat him to take some relaxation from his very great labours, and give us the benefit of his company, which we greatly prize, whilst he visits Glasgow. He is a most delightful companion. If he preaches in Edinburgh, I will let you know, as one seldom sees such a union of talent and fervent piety, and Scriptural research and simplicity.—We join in love and kindest respects to you and your daughter and Miss —— when you see her, and believe me,

"My very dear friend,

"Yours affectionately,

"B. Ewing."

* The wild cherry.

I shall add one more letter to this beloved correspondent, the perusal of which has been most deeply affecting to myself. The reader will not wonder at this, when I copy the memorandum prefixed to it, by the affectionate possessor. "The last letter I ever received from her who is now in glory. Dear, kind, lamented friend, O to join you, at the day of the Lord!"—There is also the touching complaint of declining strength; the felt burden of increasing labour; her concern for my health, and the poor state of her own; yet her sympathy with all her companions in tribulation, with one, soon after left a widow, and with a young Christian, opposed in the path of duty by her own father; her delight in the success of our itinerating ministers; her confidential detail of avocations which she never expected should meet the eyes of the public; and, amidst all her laborious letter-writing, the length of this hasty letter to her friend, of which, ample as they are, I give extracts only; it seems as if she could not shorten, however pressed for time, the communication to so dear a friend, although she could have no conception that it was to be the last.

"Corkerhill, 30th July, 1828.

"My very dear Friend,

"Our letters so often cross on the road, that it would not be easy to say, who should write next if we felt any ceremony: but that not being the

case, I often feel when I begin to write, that there is some hope you may, at the very same time, be wielding your pen for my behoof. I meant to have written sooner, but I am one way or other kept so busy, that my intentions are generally delayed by the circumstances of the day, till when I do make an effort extraordinary, and open the letter that is to be answered, the first thing that strikes me is the old date of it. But instead of apologies, which would require to be made every time, I hope you will always believe the will is never wanting to keep up a close correspondence, but the power. And that is decreasing, both from age unfitting me for so much exertion, and the additional time that it requires to go over my correspondents' letters from their increase. The succession of students, and their going to different fields of labour, causes two or three new ones every year. Then, you know, there are numerous things beyond our own family, and our own circle, that I am called to take a share in. You will have an instance of this along with this very epistle. I send you the little account printed of the itinerancies which were supported from the proeeeds of the sale. You will see, that, as another is proposed next spring in Edinburgh, I have had a few lines to write to each of the hundred and fifty sent to me for distribution, and besides these few lines for general use, I have on hand a number of letters to

write to such as I wish to beat up in their vicinity for contributions towards it. By a letter from Mr. S——, in which he tells me he is carrying up H——h to see you, I find you are returned to Edinburgh. I wish much to hear how poor Mrs. C—— is, and if she has now any intention of going to London for a consultation.—I hope to hear colonel H—— has recovered this recent fit of illness, and that his wife has been supported under the anxiety she must have suffered. I can sympathize with her from the state my dear husband was in for months. I hope I may speak of it now as the past. He certainly is very much better, and I even think gaining a little of his lost flesh and strength. May the Lord keep me from forgetting the threatening, and enable us to praise him with our hearts, and lips, and lives. I was surprised at you, my dear friend, going into Mr. B——'s place of worship, after learning the dangerous state it was in. I think such rashness is not *trusting*, but tempting Providence. And I am persuaded Mr. B—— has the good sense to teach his people this, and therefore I trust you will not again be in such danger.

" I am sorry to hear of the state J——a's friend in the North is in, but hope the Lord will show her her privilege in enduring persecution, and keep her from falling. If she continues to hunger and thirst after these things, she will soon see, that she

must obey even a father only so far as she can by obeying God also; and if she is enabled to act consistently, she will find, in pleasing God she will make even her enemies to be at peace with her. In being induced from any fear to forsake the assembling with the people of God, which is a direct injunction of God's own word, loss will be suffered individually, and that light extinguished which God calls for to enlighten others in the knowledge of our God and Saviour. I hope my friend J——a will faithfully call her to attend to this, and that the Lord will honour her in thus delivering her own soul to lead her friend to comfort and enjoyment of the blessing of God, and to extend that blessing to all around. He who calls us to endure, is faithful and true, and will cause the wrath of man to praise him, and restrain the residue.——You bid me say how I am in health myself. The late hot thundery weather has had its usual effect on my bilious system, and I have been obliged to resort to medicine more than for many months. As yet I have avoided calomel, and hope to do without it. I have never been confined an hour to bed, or a day to the house, so that I have much cause for thankfulness.—I think I have answered all the queries in your letter, and I could fill my sheet with many gladsome accounts I have had from our ministers, who have, in all directions, been making

the gospel sound in the ears of their fellow-sinners, and where they have seen somewhat of the fulfilment of God's promise, that his word shall not return to him void. But I have four other letters to write, and time will not admit, especially as I have my sweet widowed friend, Mrs. S——, staying with me, and she leaves me on Friday. Indeed, you will have had your eyes tired with the length of this.—We join in love, and I am, my very dear friend,

"Yours affectionately,

"B. Ewing."

As I must soon approach the closing scenes of my Memoir, I shall here give three specimens more of my beloved wife's correspondence. They are taken from among her latest letters to my daughter, and have already been promised.* The first was written soon after our return from our last visit to Durham. Mrs. Ewing had been, more than usual, in an ailing way. It was thought a jaunt might be of service; and we were both desirous to see my daughter after the birth of her third child. To render the journey more easy and interesting, we planned going by a new route, making short stages, and forming a few itinerating engagements by the way. Accordingly, I preached at

* See p. 66.

Peebles, Hawick, and Kelso, in going; and at Newcastle, Berwick, and Portobello, in returning; at each of which places we stopped for the night. We set out on the 25th of Sept. and returned on the 12th of Oct. 1827. On our return, we had very bad weather, and Mrs. Ewing suffered much from illness, both in the journey, and after we got home. She was greatly pleased, however, with the visit to Durham. It gave us an opportunity of seeing the dear little girl, whom we should not have otherwise seen in this world, because, though then in perfect health, she was in the spring carried off by hooping cough; the Lord, we believe, having taken her to himself. We had also much satisfaction in beholding the Christian temper and deportment of our young friends, in the midst of their rising family, and in the place of their residence; and especially the growing usefulness of the pastor, and the prosperity of the church under his care.

These topics are all referred to in the following letter to Mrs. Matheson:

"Glasgow, 24th October, 1827.

"My dear Jessy,

"I did not think, when we parted, that so long a time would elapse before I wrote you—but we know not what a day or an hour may produce. I rose earlier on Monday week, with the hope and

desire that I should begin the letter, which your father had to write altogether. There was so much to do, it was with difficulty I got in time to the boat, and that I may say was my last exertion. I had felt my throat slightly on Sabbath, and was not at all well on Monday, but thought Corker-hill air, and quietness, would set all to rights. Instead of this, I became worse and worse, and suffered very great pain with the rose in my head, face, and neck, which fevered me. I am now greatly better, though the swelling is not quite gone, and I am very feeble. Some people say, thus all the benefit of your journey is lost. But how do we know, but that for the strength gained by the journey, my frame could not have stood this attack. This I know, the Lord granted me very great enjoyment, and though in all things I come short, I think I may say, filled me with gratitude, for what I saw of his goodness and grace to you and yours. My mind recurred to it in many a painful sleepless hour, and I trust it will tune a song of praise beyond the limits of this vale of tears. When I contrast my fears and anxieties, and prayers, and tears, on your account, with what the Lord has now done in you and for you; I see his ways and thoughts are not as ours. As to temporal things, that even is cause of much thanksgiving compared with many, but especially when I see you devoted to His service, and honoured to minister to the

comfort of one whom his Master is owning so much as a faithful labourer in his vineyard. May the Lord hear prayer for a blessing on your training your dear children for him. I know and sympathize in your travailing in birth again for them, till Christ be formed in their hearts, and you have had more advantages than I had of knowing how to instruct and impress their minds, having been entirely without early cultivation myself. I also know you will feel with me that the highest motive to have them in subjection is to restrain them from sinning against God. I am delighted to see much warmth of affection in Greville. This will give you a stronger hold than any thing in the world, for he is high spirited. And if you study to be firm with him, you will gain by example considerably on James. I am sensible you have improved since you were in Scotland, and that you will find the benefit more and more, both to your own comfort and their happiness. I often think I see the groupe of dear interesting little faces. . . . A pious wife seems to me peculiarly necessary for a minister. May you and I be honoured to help the faith and joy and spirituality of our dear partners, and we shall receive the benefit even to our own souls under their ministry. We unite in love to you, Mr. Matheson, and the children, and I am,

"My dear Jessy,

"Your truly affectionate,

"B. Ewing."

Notwithstanding the serious illness mentioned in the preceding letter, Mrs. Ewing ventured to take an active part in the sale of ladies' work for the City Mission. Of this some account will be found in the next letter, together with a description of the manner in which, with the aid of some dear friends, we spent the anniversary of our marriage, which proved to be the last.

"Glasgow, 16th November, 1827.

"My dear Jessy,

——"I am happy to say your father is almost well. I have got quite the better of my last illness, and stood the fatigue of the sale wonderfully. We had three days of it. And next week, on Wednesday, we are all to make an effort to sell off the whole." Then follows a list of the sums already drawn, from which it appeared the total was at that time £549 : 0 : 7*d.* "I did not forget your working society, and shall send you some things for it, which, though trifling, may be patterns, and, as I do not think you will be able to do much, may be a substitute for your deficiency. I shall delay sending them till I hear from you, in case you wish any little thing that is best got here.

We had a very delightful party here yesterday of our most particular friends to unite with us in giving thanks to our gracious God for all his goodness and mercy during a quarter of a century that we had been spared together. It was our

marriage day."—(After mentioning the names of the party, she proceeds.)—"You may be sure you and yours were not forgotten, and Mr. Matheson, and his flock and congregation, were duly remembered also, in our prayers and thanksgivings. May all the unmerited goodness, and long continued kindness of the Lord to us and ours, lead to more zeal and devotedness in all of us, and this will assuredly increase our happiness. Our worthy member old Mrs. W——n has fallen asleep in Jesus. Her latter end was truly peace. She retained her faculties, and her enjoyment of spiritual things throughout. Indeed, she had no complaint, just wore away from weakness. I am very happy the lady (you spoke of) liked 'Brief Thoughts.'* I do not know any thing clearer on the subject of the hinderances to believing the gospel.—We join in love to you and your fireside, and I am,

"My dear Jessy,

"Yours very affectionately,

"B. Ewing."

In the course of the winter, Mr. Matheson's three children were seized with hooping-cough, which proved fatal to the youngest, Catherine Lawson, in the beginning of March.

The following is the letter, which Mrs. Ewing wrote to Mrs. Matheson on that occasion:

* See p. 55.

" Glasgow, 11th March, 1828.

" My dear Jessy,

" I feel it no small cause of thanksgiving that you know where and to whom to go in this time of trouble, and that you could tell us you found the Lord a very present help on the very day you had seen your sweet babe close her eyes on time. We do indeed serve a good Master, and the blessed and glorious hope given in the gospel of life and immortality, must cheer the heart even while flesh and blood feels deeply and keenly. I am sure either you or Mr. Matheson will write us again soon, for you will know how much you occupy our thoughts at present. We trust the Lord supported and carried you through the trial and duties of Wednesday. It is pleasant for us to know you are in the midst of kind and sympathizing friends, and above all, to know that you have the care and sympathy of Him, who, in all our afflictions, is afflicted. You will probably before this have got the parcel which I sent off without having time to write, and you will also have got my letter, sent in the last frank I got before my nephew went away. I hope we shall hear the dear boys continue in a mild way; the season is greatly in their favour, though, till within these two days, it has been very cold east wind with us; but the season is advancing, and I hope will soon be fine. This will be also in your father's

favour I trust, for he is still ailing, I am sorry to say. My friend Mrs. T——r and her daughter are with us, they go for three days to Ayrshire next week, and these we hope to spend at Corkerhill; they and we will meet on Friday, and then I hope the following week, when they leave us, we shall get permanently to the country, which the doctor thinks will be of great use, and I am sure we shall have your prayers, and those of many, that that may be the blessed means of restoring him to health, and ability for usefulness; for he is very unwilling, even now, to spare himself as much as we all think he should. He has agreed not to go out to-night, and only to lecture on Sabbath. His cough has not, on the whole, been so troublesome for some days, especially in the night, and he slept better last night than for three nights before; but at times he feels flat and unwell, and then at other times he is as lively in expounding or prayer as you ever saw him. You must excuse the shortness of this. We join in kindest love and good wishes. Many have been the kind inquiries, and kind wishes expressed for you. I made the intimations I thought you would wish here, but suppose, as you said nothing of Edinburgh friends, Mr. M—— took charge of that. I am,

"My dear Jessy,

"Most affectionately yours,

"B. Ewing."

Mrs. Ewing's active life was the more remarkable, that she was exceedingly liable to violent indispositions. She must have had an excellent constitution; she possessed great muscular strength; she required extraordinary exercise, and was always the better of taking it, in the open air, and in the country. But, when living in town, especially if confined by bad weather to the house, she experienced many of the distressing symptoms of a bilious tendency, which not only overpowered her at the time, but reduced her frequently to a state of great and alarming debility, from which she did not easily or speedily recover. At one period, she had such a troublesome and obstinate cough, that it was feared her lungs were in danger, but happily that fear proved to be groundless; at another period, she was very often afflicted with dreadful headachs; and afterwards when these became less severe, and occurred at greater intervals, they were succeeded by very serious indications of liver complaint. Yet, in all these illnesses, while inured to severe pain, she was never subject to depression of spirits. Whether it should be ascribed to bodily temperament, or strength of mind, or Christian hope, and divine consolation; or whether we should gratefully acknowledge a happy union of all these blessings, the fact is unquestionable, that she enjoyed a wonderful buoyancy to bear her up under trouble, and never more, than when

it threatened to prove fatal. Her invincible patience, and fortitude, and cheerfulness, seemed equal to repel the most formidable assaults of disease, and really to operate as a principle of restoration. Of late years, indeed, she had been gradually getting so much better on the whole, that we were beginning to hope for a greater stability of health, in the decline of life, than she had ever known before. How far our fond hopes might have been realized, it has been the will of our heavenly Father, that we should not discover.

The reader will have learned, from some of the preceding letters, that my health had been, in a rather declining state, from the beginning of the winter of 1827. In the following spring, our medical friends advised my getting soon to the country, and trying change of air, and scene, as much as possible, in the course of the summer. This led Mrs. Ewing to take every opportunity of carrying me from home. We accepted a kind invitation to visit some friends in Arran. We made an excursion to Loch-Lomond, and, finally, to the Falls of Clyde. And I feel it to be one of the bitter ingredients in the cup of my sorrow, that my beloved companion seems to have fallen a victim to her ardent desire, to complete the re-establishment of my health.

Writing after the event, I feel it difficult to believe, that any of the circumstances which pre-

ceded it were not gloomy and ominous. Certainly, it befell me in a year, crowded with occurrences of awful visitation. My eldest sister, my youngest grand-child, my only remaining brother, were removed by death within three months after its commencement; and harvest was not over, when the Lord "took away from me the desire of mine eyes with a stroke."* There were no doubt bright days that summer, and pleasant scenes too, which heighten by contrast the succeeding distress. My departed friend greatly enjoyed, and zealously improved each cheering interval. But her survivor feels, as if he had yielded to a spirit of delusive security, and dangerous infatuation. His mind was easy as to this world, supposing his "help-meet" would take care of him, and his affairs, all his life; and how far he required to be roused from a spiritual lethargy, and to be chastised for his sins, it is perhaps intended he should learn from the blow he has received.

So far as a fellow creature can judge, Mrs. Ewing was never in a higher state of readiness to obey the call of her Lord. In the early part of the year, she had revised the arrangement of her temporal affairs. She had examined her papers and letters down to the 22d of the month before her death; burning many, and leaving directions respecting such as she allowed to remain. In various

* Ezek. xxiv. 16.

other respects, she acted like one who had what has been called a presentiment of death; and yet she was under no alarm, and, to all appearance, bid as fair for life, and improved health, as in any prior period of our union. On no religious point was there any change in her spirit and conduct; but the most exemplary stedfastness, the most energetic perseverance, was daily manifested. She was truly a disciple waiting for her Lord. How often did I feel myself humbled by a conscientious diligence, which was continually leaving me far behind!

As an Introduction to the account of our dreadful calamity, and at the same time a specimen of her spirit in writing only a few lines, I insert Mrs. Ewing's last letter to Mrs. H——n:

"4, Carlton-place, Monday, 8th Sept., 1828.

"My very dear Friend,

"We are very sorry to find your dear husband has been suffering so much. We hope to call and see you to-morrow; but are all of opinion you ought not to propose our dining with you, which we would all have had much pleasure in doing, had Mr. H—— been well.

"Our trip to Lanark has been delayed till Wednesday, on account of the children* having

* Mr. Cathcart's children, then with us, along with their parents.

been vaccinated, and Dr. Anderson is to call at eleven to-morrow to examine their arms, when we could not be absent, therefore, we will not come in the boat, but in a coach, and would make it the hour most convenient for you.

"I hope we mutually remember each other at a throne of grace, and that the Lord will bless the word preached to build up all of us who are in fellowship, and to add to us of those who are yet to bring in. I grieve at your missing yesterday's lecture. With best love, I am,

"My dear friend,

"Yours affectionately,

"B. Ewing."

Notwithstanding the above, we did dine the day following with our dear friends, and it might be considered as the last dinner, of which she was able to partake.

In the morning of Wednesday, the 10th of September, 1828, the day of our journey to the Falls of Clyde, when the coach had come to the door, my dear wife came to me in the study, and said, "Let us commit ourselves to God." Little did either of us think, that we were now to close those exercises of secret social worship, which always had so greatly enhanced to us the comforts of our sweet home. Standing together, hand in hand, we spent a few minutes in prayer, commit-

ting ourselves, and each other, and our dear fellow travellers, to God, for time and eternity, and particularly for the excursion on which we were setting out.—Alas! the excursion proved fatal! What then? Were our prayers unavailing? I cannot allow it. Whoever prays daily must one day receive, in the providence of God, a similar answer. Death met us; but (let the reader judge) God did not forsake us. He stood by the sufferer to the last moment, when he took her to himself. Would she not, does she not, join me in saying, nothing happened to prevent us from adhering to the apostle's testimony; "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."*

We immediately stepped into the carriage, and drove from the door of that house, which her presence had made a happy dwelling for four and twenty years; but to which now she was never to return. She was saved the pain of taking a last look;—and I did not anticipate, that, instead of coming back next day, with my beloved companion, and her affectionate relatives, a happy couple with a joyous family party, I should arrive, at the interval of a week, in the darkness of the evening, a desolate widower, preceded by the life-

* 2 Tim. i. 12.

less remains of her who was now sitting cheerfully beside me; accompanied by a fellow-sufferer, bruised, and lame, bereaved, like myself, of her most intimate friend upon earth, with whom she had long lived as a sister rather than a cousin; and leaving the rest of the company disabled near the spot, where the death-blow had been given to my beloved wife, and we had all been brought, in a moment, to the brink of eternity.

During the first stage we met with nothing remarkable. At Wishawtown, we breakfasted, and fed the horses. Before setting out again, the weather, which had been dark and showery in the morning, became fine. We, therefore, ordered the top of the carriage to be opened; congratulating ourselves on the favourable day for enjoying a view of the country, which becomes so romantic towards Lanark. In perfect safety we descended the many slopes of the road along the high grounds, which hang over the house of Lee; looking down with impunity over much steeper banks, than that on which we were so soon to be overwhelmed with distress. At the bridge across Cartland Craigs, we left the carriage for a little, and walked to the usual place for taking a passing view of that wonderful ravine. A person whom we met there, kept telling us of a lady who had been killed immediately below, by going too near the edge of the opposite precipice. The story seemed to have

made Mrs. Ewing nervous; for she discovered uncommon alarm, when Miss Cathcart stumbled, as she was turning, in the narrow path, to go away. I smiled at Barbara's trepidation, as if danger in our case had been out of the question.

On arriving at Lanark, we ordered dinner and beds at the inn, intending to remain there that day, and to return, the day following, by Hamilton, to Glasgow. We then proposed to take forward the carriage as far as possible, to diminish the walk the party must have, in viewing the Falls of Corras and Bonnington, and the Mills of New Lanark; all which we hoped to accomplish before dinner. We had entered the Bonnington avenue, had passed the first, and were approaching the second gate, where strangers put down their names, and proceed on foot to view the Falls of Clyde. We were so near this gate, that, in three minutes, we should, at any rate, have left the carriage till our return. Here there is a descent on the edge of a steep bank; but the road is good; I had gone the same road before in a carriage, without any disaster; the coachman seemed to advance confidently, yet slowly, as he had been desired; Mr. Cathcart's servant, who was also on the box, says he proposed to the coachman to put on the drag, who answered it was unnecessary. I can say nothing from my own observation, for I was sitting with my back to the horses. I was on the right-

hand side of the carriage, which was the side nearest the declivity; my wife was next me on my right hand; and Miss Cathcart beyond her, on the same seat; Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart were opposite. On beginning to descend, Mrs. Cathcart, looking forward, said, "I think we had better stop, and get out here." Her look rather alarmed me; but, to the best of my recollection, I made no answer. Presently, my wife said, "It is too late to bid him stop now." In an instant after, I heard both the coachman and Mr. Cathcart's servant begin to scream, in consequence of finding, as I suppose, that the carriage was going off the road. I believe they both leapt from the box, the one to the one side, the other to the other; but I saw not what they did. I now felt the coach go off the road, fall to the right, first on its side, then turn over, bottom uppermost, and go down the precipitous bank a considerable way immediately above us, and throw us out on the ground with much force, and finally fall on its other side, when it was stopped from falling farther, by some trees, I believe; and I saw it resting, with Miss Cathcart lying under it from the breast downwards; Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart, both evidently injured, lying near each other, a little behind; Mrs. Ewing sitting on the bank a little before, and apparently stretching her hand towards Miss Cathcart; while I was left a little higher on the bank, conscious of

some sort of shock in my left shoulder, but not, at the time, sensible of any material hurt. I now heard the servant cry, " Miss Cathcart is killed;" this called my attention to her perilous situation; I slid down to attempt to raise the coach, and to draw her out from below it; and, after some ineffectual struggles, with the assistance of the servant, and her own efforts, she was extricated.

I then turned towards my wife, whose place was now a little above my position; and, for the first time, perceived the dreadful calamity;—her right leg broken close by the ankle—the leg-bone protruded far through the skin—the foot quite out of its place—the fracture of the bone, the laceration of the flesh, and the streaming of the blood,—all equally appalling! And yet she was sitting in silence, with perfect composure. To my exclamation of agony, she calmly replied, " Yes;—I cannot help it;—the will of God be done!"

The cause of this fatal fracture is not known. Tremendous as the blow must have been, my dear sufferer said to me, " I was not aware of having got any injury, till I found my foot would not serve me to go to Jane Cathcart."

I sprung up the bank, and began to run towards New Lanark calling out for a surgeon.—I am told, Mrs. Ewing said, as I went off, " Is there nobody to go after my poor husband; for he is not able to run in that manner." In a few minutes, a gentle-

man overtook me, and assured me, that two men had already gone for surgeons; that they knew where to find them; and that I might depend on their coming with all possible speed. This was most providential; for I felt myself unable to keep up the pace at which I was running; and I had misgivings of heart at the thought of leaving my poor dear wife in the hour of her distress, to faint, and to die, perhaps, in the midst of strangers. I hastened back to her; found her sitting as before with composure, and patience, and bearing her pain with the most heroic fortitude. The alarm was rapidly spread. From all quarters, friendly people began to surround us. For a moment, Mrs. Ewing felt annoyed at the eagerness, with which so many spectators gazed on the whole party, and particularly on herself, whose wound was so severe and manifest. "Oh!" (she said to me) "what an exposure!" But when I replied, that she must not mind that, in present circumstances, and placed myself so as to screen her as much as possible from the publicity which she felt to be distressing, she complained no more; submitting to the necessity of the case; and no doubt having her attention withdrawn by the sharpness of the pain, from inferior considerations. The spectators also behaved with the greatest gentleness, sympathy, and delicacy, and showed the kindest zeal and tenderness in rendering assistance.

In a wonderfully short time, the assistant of the surgeon at New Lanark came to the spot, and announced the speedy arrival of his principal. Till then, he declined doing any thing himself, and declared, what was indeed very evident, that the sufferers must all be removed to suitable quarters, before they could be properly examined, or any thing done for their relief.—I begged the kind bystanders to get a door taken from its hinges, and brought for Mrs. Ewing. This was soon done, and the cushions which had been taken from the carriage being placed on it, she was lifted to it, and sat on them, (for she could not lie down,) with her fractured leg stretched out before her, and supporting herself behind with her hands; while the people carried her as well as they could, along the precipitous bank, and with no small difficulty reached the road. Her removal to the door; the jolting, irregular steps of the willing, but inexperienced, and agitated bearers; and (as the breadth of the door made it impossible for any one walking beside her to give her assistance,) the awkward, unsupported position, in which she was obliged to remain for, I suppose, not less than an hour, were all grievous aggravations of her affliction. The bearers required to be changed several times; but no change, so much as of posture, could her situation admit of; she made no complaint; but it is my wonder that she did not repeatedly faint. She was prevented, I suppose, from doing

so, not by the sustenance of bodily strength, but by the excitement of the agony which she must have been enduring.

The first place, to which she was carried, was the Lodge, where visitors of the Falls put down their names. But there was no room there, to receive so much as one. We were, therefore, obliged to retrace our steps, and to go towards New Lanark. We now met the people, with the rest of our party, coming after us; and they also were obliged to change their course. Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart, who were the next sufferers to Mrs. Ewing in point of severity, were carried in chairs; and Miss Cathcart was, though much bruised, capable of proceeding a little way, supported by two men, and was afterwards put into a chaise, which had been very promptly sent down from the Inn at Old Lanark.

Before we left the lodge, the surgeon, whose assistant had already come, reached us. At first, indeed, on overtaking the rest of the party, he thought Mr. Cathcart was the most severely hurt; and apparently near death. He therefore proposed to examine him immediately. But, on perceiving this intention, Mr. Cathcart said, "Oh no! go first to Mrs. Ewing." He therefore came on to us, and saw the necessity of our proceeding towards New Lanark.—And now the question was, where could we be lodged? There were five to be accommodated. There was no large dwelling

house, with spare rooms, immediately at hand. None of the managers of the mills had yet been found. Every body was willing to receive us, but nobody could receive us all. And the extremity of the case admitted of no delay. The worthy surgeon offered to take three into his own house, and to carry Mrs. Ewing to a large good room in the neighbourhood of the spot where we now were. But she must have been carried up stairs to a fourth floor; and we shrunk from the idea of being separated. In this dilemma, Braxfield House occurred to us; a part of it being possessed by Mrs. Owen, our esteemed Christian friend, who, we were sure, would make us welcome. But we were told that she and her family were from home. When we knew not what to do, Mr. Walker, the gentleman to whom the other part of Braxfield House belonged, kindly sent, as soon as he heard of our calamity, to invite us to take possession, and opened it for our reception. And though he was not living in it, at the time, and it was unfurnished, every thing was provided with so much celerity, that the beds were ready almost as soon as the poor sufferers could arrive to be laid on them.

Notwithstanding these most generous exertions, executed, I believe, by the humane orders of the managers, and the compassionate zealous activity of the numerous and expert workmen, of the New Lanark mills; some degree of delay had been

unavoidable. Again, and again, a halt had taken place, to inquire where we might go. Consultation, perplexity, various kind offers successively announced to us, and the fluctuations of haste and trepidation, in making a selection, consumed the precious moments. Meanwhile, the alarm was bringing together the numerous population of all the neighbourhood. The dinner hour sent forth the whole body of workers, young and old, from the mills. Although none annoyed us willingly, the pressure became embarrassing; it was difficult to get on; and the heat threatened to overpower us. This continued till we were past the mills, and was not quite removed, till we reached Braxfield Gate.

The distance from the fatal spot to Braxfield House is, I suppose, not less than a mile. Throughout the whole of this dolorous way, Mrs. Ewing retained her self-possession. She was attentive to every circumstance, but nothing disconcerted her. Her leg was covered only with her handkerchief, from under which the blood was flowing along the door, on which she was carried. Her bonnet had been torn in the fall, and was put off: only her cap remained on her head. I could advert to nothing at the time, except the deplorable circumstances of our situation. But afterwards, when the universal testimony of strangers was reported to me, that they had never seen such an expression

of united dignity and piety in similar distress before, I could distinctly recollect that her benign countenance had truly appeared to the greatest advantage. This, accompanied by the propriety of her demeanour, must indeed have struck every beholder.—Amidst all the tumult, and all the suffering, her kind looks were constantly bent on me, as I walked by her side; and, ever and anon, as our eyes met, she forced her features to a smile; —a courageous, sweet, languid, evanescent smile; —intended to cheer me, but from my poor dear wife in such a condition, so irresistibly heart-rending, that I know not, when she at last desisted from it, whether she was checked by her own exhaustion, or by observing its effect in agitating my mind.—The crowd heard not the sound of her voice, except occasionally a few that were near, when she confirmed our wavering purposes, by her judicious decisions, on the offers made to us of hospitality and service. But it was the will of God that thousands should be brought together to witness the eminent example of the resignation, patience, and fortitude, of a delicate woman, of acute sensibility, amidst excruciating sufferings, which had come on her in a moment, and were very soon to prove mortal. This was not an ordinary dispensation of Providence to any of them. Surely, they will never forget it. May God in mercy bless it to us all, for the good of our souls!

By the time we laid Mrs. Ewing on the bed, from which she never rose, there were four or five medical gentlemen present, who proceeded to examine her fracture; and I every moment expected to hear the dreadful word amputation; as I did not imagine, that any thing else could possibly be accomplished, in so bad a case. With my hand locked in that of my beloved sufferer, I sat in breathless suspense; while she could not but cry out, and groan, (though in a wonderfully suppressed degree,) while writhing under her agony now greater than ever, from the handling and stretching, necessary in setting the limb. I could hardly believe my hearing, when it was said, that the bone was set, and the foot restored to its proper place, and position. It was, indeed, good news for the moment; but the poor dear patient continued to suffer such increased pain, that neither of us could think of any thing else; nor did it appear from the event, that we had any reason to be elated. I am satisfied, however, that all that man could do was done. The bone was set by Mr. William Gibson of New Lanark, who with Mr. Fleming of Old Lanark, were the surgeons of the neighbourhood, who attended all the party. The examination and treatment of the patients occupied the surgeons the whole evening. By Mrs. Ewing's suggestion, I had despatched a messenger, immediately after the event happened,

for Dr. A. D. Anderson of Glasgow, who, on his arrival, soon after midnight, approved of all that had been done, and continued with us till next day.

Lady Mary Ross of Bonnington, with part of her family, and Colonel Strutt and part of his family, then on a visit to her, were at Braxfield House, as soon as ourselves; she and they visited us almost daily; and their attentions were most important to our welfare, as long as any of us remained there. She recommended Mr. Gibson to our confidence, as a skilful and attentive surgeon, whom she employed in her own family. She directed us to excellent attendants from the Lodge at Braxfield gate, which were immediately obtained.—She also had the goodness to assist in writing to friends, and made numberless other efforts to mitigate our sufferings, and to calm our minds.

When strangers had withdrawn, and the events of this terrible day were brought to a close, we could not but adore the compassion of God, that, after what had happened, such good accommodation was provided for us all. The very circumstance of the house being empty made us feel more at liberty; inasmuch as we gave no disturbance to a resident family. The comfort too of being all lodged together was very precious. Every one could thus easily make known his own situation, and learn, at any moment, the situation of all the

rest. Some of us could even give assistance to their friends. From our arrival, Miss Cathcart, though sadly bruised and lamed, had been going from room to room, as if she had not been a patient herself; and her own room was within call of her brother's on the one hand, and ours on the other.—But my poor dear wife suffered violent pain all night long. Great was the agony of the setting of the bone; but the pain which she afterwards complained of at the fractured point of it, was much greater after the setting than before it. They had given her *black drop*, (for she durst not use *laudanum*,) in the hope of procuring for her some mitigation and rest; but it produced no discernible effect till the following day. It had also been necessary to fasten the fractured leg to a splinter-board, to prevent the bone from shifting; the effect of which was to nail, as it were, immovably to one spot, an active limb, and thereby to aggravate exceedingly the irritability of all the parts of the agitated and restless body.

Next morning, we were laid under fresh obligations by many very handsome offers of service, from worthy individuals, and families, in the neighbourhood. The Rev. William Menzies, minister of the parish, and his lady, waited on us with various comforts: his lady bringing dresses for the ladies, and proposing to remain herself to nurse them. From being prepared, at any rate,

to spend a night in the journey, and attendants having been instantly procured on our coming to Braxfield, some of these kind proofs of sympathy and attention were rendered unnecessary. But we did not feel the less obliged. I am conscious of being indebted, in a similar manner, to many, whose names I never knew, or have forgot; and I would here take an opportunity of expressing my fear, that, from having my mind absorbed with one object, I may have been deficient in making acknowledgments, where they are due. I do hope, that omissions of this nature, which I sincerely regret, will be generously forgiven.

In the course of the day, Mrs. Ewing became drowsy, and at last obtained some intervals of sleep; and the severity of the pain was so far mitigated, that towards evening she once said, she was surprised to find herself so easy. At night, however, when she mentioned her expectation, that the medical gentlemen would allow her another dose of the *black drop;* they were under the necessity of acknowledging, that they were afraid to administer it again so soon, lest it should promote any tendency to fever; against which they must above all things be on their guard. She at once submitted to a privation, which most likely the critical nature of the case required; but the consequence was another restless, and most distressed night.—And now the keeping of the

fractured limb in one position became extremely afflicting. "Gentlemen," she said to the medical attendants, "could you turn my leg to the other side?"—They were obliged to confess, they durst not venture, as the bone might be put out of its place. She did not repeat the question that night, although her aggravated sufferings were very great.

Next day, Mrs. Ewing had the comfort of receiving a visit from her brother. Sir John Maxwell told me he had called on Dr. Anderson with a view to bring him in his carriage for a second visit. The Dr. could not come, but promised to be with us next day; and I was willing to hope, that his delaying for a day was a good sign, as it showed he was under no immediate alarm. Being under the application of leeches, when Sir John arrived, I could not attend him to Mrs. Ewing's room, nor return to her, till some time after he left us. At parting I ventured to say, I hoped we should all be better, when we next met. But when I looked after him, through the window, as he walked slowly away, my heart was struck through, as with a dart, by the appalling thought, "Perhaps, my dear Sir, you have got the last look, of your beloved sister!"

When I got back to Mrs. Ewing's room, I found her fast asleep; and, being fatigued by the leeches, I lay down on my bed, which was in the same room,

and soon fell asleep also; we had each, I afterwards learned, above an hour's sleep; and I believe she had no such period of undisturbed repose during the whole remaining part of her sufferings. When she had got what was called her dinner, which consisted of a roasted apple, she spoke to me, with much satisfaction, of her brother's visit; particularly mentioning the proofs he had given of considerate affection and care. She then asked me to repeat to her a few portions of Scripture, and to pray.—I felt, as if I could almost entertain the hope, of some approaching perceptible mitigation of trouble.

But the night was again a night of extreme distress; no rest; very great pain in the leg, and a most violent affection of internal pain in the body. The *black drop* was given, but it entirely failed to give any relief.—I used to think, that the most deplorable sufferings conceivable were implied in the language of Job vii. 4. "I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." But I now saw, that to be so fixed, as to be prevented from "tossings," was a most grievous addition.—Only once more, however, did she put to her medical attendants the hopeless question. But she did it, in such a manner, and with such a limitation of request, as has made an indelible impression on my mind. "Could you turn my leg *for one minute?*" They declared they were very

sorry, but durst not attempt to comply. She uttered not a syllable of complaint, or lamentation, and never mentioned the subject again.

On Saturday morning, Dr. Anderson arrived, according to promise. To use his own expression, he found his patient "not getting better," and he, and the Lanark surgeons, all evidently uneasy, united in requesting more assistance. I begged they would name any they chose from any quarter. After a little consideration, an express was, with their unanimous approbation, despatched to Glasgow for Dr. John Macarthur, who had attended her, on all occasions, from her youth, and enjoyed her highest confidence for skill and experience. She would not allow his being sent for at first to so great a distance, when she considered that the greater part of the journey must be in the night time; as she knew he had not been well; but we were sure she would be gratified by a visit from him now, that his arrival could take place in the course of the day.—My fears were now excited to the uttermost. Alas! there was the imminent danger of a fatal result; and there was the probability of a painful, and now almost hopeless, previous operation. I supposed that a proposal would be made, to amputate the limb, as the only remaining resource. This I had dreaded from the beginning, and had it been advised, I could not have opposed it. I determined, however, if they should

propose it, to ask if they could say, that they thought there was a reasonable hope of success; if they could, I should then submit it to her own consideration, assured that she would give an answer worthy of herself. With this purpose I endeavoured to compose my agitated mind, during that awful day of suspense and terror. All I said in the meantime, to the surgeons on the spot, was, that whatever should be done, I must be allowed to be present. Though from the disabled state of my left arm, I could render no actual service, I believed she would feel my being with her as some mitigation of the bitterness of her cup; and after being present at the setting of the bone, I thought I could stand any thing. I now clung to her more closely than ever. Besides the melancholy satisfaction, in other respects, the desire of saving her feelings gave me, while in her room, a degree of composure, of which I was quite incapable any where else.

Although very much exhausted, it was wonderful with what tranquillity she passed the day. The unfavourable symptoms rather abated, and we all hoped she was better. At one time, when we were left alone, she said to me, "Repeat some passages of Scripture." I began with Psal. lxi. 2. "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." In a little, she said, "Give me some passages from the Romans." I repeated

Rom. viii. 18. " For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time *are* not worthy *to be compared* with the glory which shall be revealed in us." " Repeat, rather," said she, " from the 3d chapter, the way of a sinner's justification before God." I answered, from verse 19 to 26 inclusive, " Now we know, that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law *is* the knowledge of sin. But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God, *which is* by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God: being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth *to be* a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, *I say*, at this time his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." What I understood by her recurring to this portion of Scripture was, that her comfort in trouble rose, not from the recollection of former faith, and piety, and usefulness, but

solely from the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the divinely appointed, accepted, and revealed ground of a sinner's Hope in drawing near to God; given to all them that believe (for there is no difference), and equally worthy of God, and suited to our need from first to last.—She was now satisfied; and I did not attempt to fatigue her attention any further at the time.

Her sufferings were, indeed, so severe and incessant, and it was so important to avoid increasing her agitation, that I abstained from almost every thing like conversation with her. I never ventured to allude to the fatal event; never, to ask if she could tell how her fracture happened; and this must account for my ignorance of many things, which, had it pleased God to spare her, I should have been eager to learn from her own lips. About her spiritual welfare, I had no anxiety; and all other subjects, I was willing to postpone. The only reference I remember her making to the calamity, was in these words: "I observed your agitation, when you saw what had happened to me; but I made allowance for you, as I was very sensible I should have been equally agitated, had I escaped, and the thing had befallen you."

Dr. Macarthur arrived from Glasgow in the evening. After visiting his patient, and consulting with the other medical gentlemen, he sent for me, and said, "He understood I was apprehensive

there must be an operation; there would be no operation; indeed there could be none; the only thing to be attempted was, to bring on suppuration, without which there could be no cure; that they had agreed, therefore, to use fomentation, and then to apply bladders of warm water, the object of which was to prolong the effect of the fomentation." The proposal was accordingly carried into effect. None of the medical gentlemen left us before midnight. Some one of them stayed the whole of every night: this night Dr. Anderson stayed. It was Mrs. Ewing's last, and certainly her worst night. The warm application was, I believe, the only remaining expedient; but it aggravated every formerly mentioned distressing symptom. She could not rest for a single moment; and such was the internal pain, that even the fractured leg was no longer mentioned. It was a severe struggle, but a murmur never escaped her, she was never absorbed in her own sufferings; she was composed, and resigned, and most tenderly mindful of all who were with her. As I was incapable of affording assistance, and a good deal exhausted, I lay down in bed. What sleep I got, I cannot tell; but I lay as still as I could, and I was told, that even in her greatest distress, she would draw aside the curtain, and look across the room, to see how I was lying!

Dr. Macarthur told me afterwards, that when

he arrived on the Saturday evening, her pulse was not above 90; but that, in the course of the three hours of his remaining with her, before going to bed, it changed remarkably to the worse. Dr. Anderson observed the leg to be a little blackened in the course of the night; and next morning, mortification was decidedly and rapidly advancing.

In the early part of the morning, however, her sufferings were for a time, to appearance, somewhat abated, as is usual, I believe, in such cases. On getting up, I found her very weak, but lying, as if she was easier. When asked, however, how she was, she said she was not better. I got no report of the state of her leg, till the medical gentlemen met to examine it, which was, I think, about ten o'clock. After conversing with Dr. Anderson, they all came into her room together. They looked at the leg. Mr. Gibson said, "We will not trouble Mrs. Ewing with much dressing this morning." In a minute or two, they retired. Whether it was from their manner, or from her own feelings, or partly from both, I know not; but as soon as they had left the room, and she and I were alone, she turned to me, and said, "My dear, I am quite sensible, that I am in a very critical state." My answer was, "I hope, my dear, that God is with you." She understood me in a moment; and Dr. Anderson having come back to the room, she said to him, "Doctor, am

not I in a very critical state?" He replied, "Indeed, Ma'am, it would be wrong to flatter you: we have no hope."

The example of fortitude, which follows, is the more remarkable, that never till now, had she expressed, or seemed to entertain, any apprehension of a fatal result. Her acute sufferings, being accounted for by the very bad fracture, did not alarm her. With a severe and tedious illness she certainly laid her account, but not with death. On the preceding day, she had planned one of her servants, who had been sent for, going back to Glasgow, in the following week, to bring a supply of various articles she thought she should want. On that same morning, she said to Miss Cathcart, of the servant attending her, and who would not leave her when she saw her so ill, "She has been out of bed two nights following; that must not happen again." The announcement, therefore, of a certain and speedy dissolution was as unexpected, as it was solemn. She evidently felt its solemnity; but showed no symptoms of alarm, confusion, or reluctance. Her immediate effort was, to improve the short time, that might remain, for the benefit of others. With this view, she assembled all the family, that could come, round her bed, that, as appeared from what she said, she might express her dying faith and hope; her love to Christ, and to his people, and to his cause, through all the

world; her desire for the salvation of her relatives and friends, whether present or absent; her sympathy with those whom she was about to leave, in a state of bereavement and solitude; her sense of the care and skill, although unavailing, of the medical attendants, and her desire to do them spiritual good in return; her gratitude to the servants who had waited on her, especially to her own servants, whose affection she had long possessed, and in whose serious Christianity she had, for some time, felt particular satisfaction.—She also remarked, with wonderful accuracy and composure, the symptoms of approaching death; and while she spoke chiefly of the things of God, and the concerns of the soul; she settled some worldly matters, and expressed her wishes as to her burial, which prevented perplexity, and afforded a melancholy satisfaction, to surviving friends. She adverted to such a number and variety of subjects, and spoke upon each of them with such clearness and propriety, that one might have thought she had prepared for the occasion the very language she was enabled to employ; while it was perfectly evident that she had no previous warning, and that she was urged to despatch, by feelings, every moment increasing, which indicated the immediate approach of death.

She desired me to inform Mrs. Cathcart of her situation, and to say, she wished to see her, adding,

" tell her she must come soon." Miss M——h had come the day before, but we had not brought her into Mrs. Ewing's room, lest it should agitate her to see one, of whose coming she was not aware. I knew that Miss M——h would wish to come in now; yet did not like to run the risk of surprising Mrs. Ewing with her unexpected appearance. I was, therefore, obliged to mention her having arrived the preceding day, and to propose her being brought in with the rest. " I cannot speak to any one particularly," said she, " but I love all, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." When Miss M——h came in with Mrs. and Miss Cathcart, Mrs. Ewing pressed her hand most affectionately, taking it in both hers, but did not speak to her; finding it necessary, I suppose, to save her strength for what she wished to say to others, or to the whole at once.

I am quite unable to do justice to the scene, which I could have wished to have given most accurately and completely. The following are some of her expressions:—" I have no elevations, but I look for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life."—" What a mercy is it, that salvation is the work of Christ; that He hath finished it; and that we are called, not to attempt that work for ourselves, but to believe in him !"

Her first thoughts were directed to her absent nearest relatives.—" Tell my dear brother, and his

dear wife, and dear children, that I hope my death will be the means of their obtaining eternal life, which can only be obtained from the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.—Say this to every one of them." Then, as if unwilling there should be any delay, she added, "you had better write it to them."

To Mrs. Cathcart she spoke with much affection and solemnity, but being at the other side of the bed, I could not hear it all, and cannot remember all that I did hear.—"You may be sure, you have not been brought so far, and to suffer so much, and to witness such a scene, for nothing."—"You cannot, nor can any one conceive, how precious Christ is to me at this moment." Mr. Cathcart could not be present, as he was still confined to bed. She, therefore, sent an affectionate message to him. Referring to his having supposed himself to be the occasion of the fatal excursion, (which she knew was not the case,) and calling him, as usual, by his first name, "Tell dear Taylor, that a sparrow falleth not without our heavenly Father, and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

Turning to me, she also sent the following motherly affectionate message to my daughter: "Tell dear Jessy, how much satisfaction I have had, in the evidence I have seen of the grace of God in her; how much I have rejoiced in her

usefulness, and in that of her dear husband; and how much I love them, and their dear children; and tell them, I hope to meet them, and their children, both young and old," (alluding to Catherine who had died a few months before, in infancy,) " in the heavenly world."

She thanked her medical attendants for their exertions in her behalf; saying, " may God reward you in blessings to your souls, for the kindness you have shown to my body." To her old friend Dr. Macarthur, she said " I hope you will not be the worse for coming up here; you have always possessed much of my esteem."

She also thanked some very worthy persons of the place, who had attended as nurses, for their care and tenderness; hoping that God would bless to their souls, the example they had in her of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and would impress them with the conviction that one thing is needful, and lead them to choose the good part that should not be taken away, or if they had done so, to prize more and more the precious Saviour.

To two of her servants, who had been sent for, to assist in giving attendance, she said, " My faithful girls, I thank you for all the love you have shown me, and all the care you have taken of me; I rejoice in what I have seen of the grace of God in you, and I hope you will be enabled to

persevere, and especially in your zealous endeavours to bring others to Christ." Then, turning to me, she added, naming other two at home, "charge them, that they meet me as disciples of Christ, before the judgment-seat."

Mrs. Cathcart was so ill, and had been so agitated, when Mrs. Ewing was speaking to her, that she had to leave the room immediately after, and Miss Cathcart was obliged to go with her, and to remain some little time. I did not observe when she returned, and cannot tell precisely the occasion of what I am going to state. But Miss Cathcart, looking earnestly at Mrs. Ewing, was led to say, "O that my soul were in that soul's place." Mrs. Ewing promptly reminded her, that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the chief of sinners, equally free to all, and the only ground of a sinner's acceptance and hope.

In taking leave of me, she said, "We have been very happy together; we have lived in love and harmony; and it is pleasant, that, at parting, there is nothing to settle between us." I said, I hoped the Lord would pardon my sins against her. She answered, "I hope the Lord will pardon my sins against you.—I have been a happy wife; but my greatest happiness has been sitting under your ministry." She then said, she had been exceedingly happy in the Christian fellowship she had enjoyed; in the love of the church at all times,

but particularly in various additions of a very interesting nature, especially from among the children of old church members, which the Lord had made to it, that very year, of which we had often before spoken, and which she now remembered with pleasure.—She gave thanks to God, (as indeed she had done while yet on the spot,) that in the overturn of the carriage, the mortal injury had happened to her, and not to me.—She added, "I hope you will be enabled to continue your labours in preaching the gospel." Here she raised her voice, and spoke with an animation and energy, which I hope I shall never cease to feel. "Never relinquish your public ministry, while you have strength. Christ is a Saviour who can save to the uttermost. He has plucked me as a brand out of the burning. If I had ten thousand tongues, and the strength of angels, I would tell of the love of God, through Jesus Christ, to dying sinners."

She next gave directions respecting the disposal of her body.—"Bury me where you are likely to be buried yourself. You know, we spoke of purchasing a place in the crypt, under Dr. Mitchell's meeting-house. But you already have a burial place in the West Church-yard in Edinburgh; and the distance is not so far from here, as it would have been had I died in Glasgow. You know we are half way here." Miss Cathcart, recollecting that Mrs. Ewing had expressed a wish, after Mrs.

Stirling's funeral, to be buried beside her, and other dear relatives of her own family, said, "I am sure you would be made welcome to be buried in the Polloc burial place, if you desired it." With much earnestness, she replied, "O! I would like that." "Well," said I, "I promise you, that I shall ask permission in your name, and, if granted, you shall lie there; and as for me, I can be, at all events, accommodated with a place in the same burial ground."—"I hope we shall be together both at death, and at the resurrection, and dwell together in the house of the Lord for ever." With this promise, she signified her satisfaction, adding, that the matter was of very inferior importance to the concerns of the soul.

She then said, "Commit my soul to God." This I instantly did in a few petitions; praying that the Lord might not leave her in the valley and shadow of death;—(Here, she was heard to say, "I am not alone, for God is with me,"—) that she might have a short and easy passage to the heavenly glory; and that the Lord Jesus might receive her spirit!

Throughout the whole of this closing scene, she showed the most accurate attention to things of a minute nature, as well as to matters of high importance.

Miss Cathcart having become faint, had lain down on the bed at the other side of the room.

Mrs. Ewing observed her, and said, "Jane Cathcart, come here to me, I want to speak to you now of a worldly matter." When Miss Cathcart came, she said; "You will find in my book at home, six pound-two, which I had not time to mark in it before I came away. It is money collected for the sale of ladies' work, for the support of the preaching of the gospel in the Highlands."*

She had remarked, that the pulsation had left her wrists. Some time after, expressing a wish to have the position of her pillow changed, I let go her hand to give place to an attendant, as my left arm was not able to assist in moving her. On returning, and taking her hand again, I slipped my fore-finger towards the wrist to feel if the pulse was really gone; never imagining that she would observe it. But she instantly said, "You need not do that. I told you the pulsation had left my wrists; and now it is leaving my heart." Then, looking to Dr. Anderson, she said, "Doctor, is the struggle ever long, after the pulse has ceased in this manner?"—"It depends," said he, "on the strength of the constitution."—The question was put, and the answer received, with as perfect composure, as if some third person had been the subject of the inquiry.—On hearing the question, however, I thought she was apprehensive of a long, and perhaps severe struggle; and I was

See p. 79.

led to pray, in my heart, that if it were the Lord's will, it might neither be long nor severe. If the prayer was called for by the occasion, it certainly was answered; for she was not detained many minutes longer, and she could hardly be said to have any struggle at all.—On reflection, I have thought since, that she asked the question, not from any apprehension, but merely from a wish to know what time might probably remain to her. Very soon, indeed, she seemed to feel satisfied, as one who had got an opportunity of saying all that she wished to say. Accordingly, her last notice of me, was an address of private personal affection. With a look and manner as if she would have smiled at parting, she sweetly said, "I can still see your kind sympathising look."—Faithful, loving companion, it was the last thing, thou didst attempt to see!

In a few moments, she added, "Raise me up." When her request was complied with, she closed her own eyes; reclined her head on the friend who supported her; breathed a little stronger, as one going to sleep; the respirations became gradually slower, but they were not laborious; there was not a distorted feature, nor an agitated limb; it seemed as if she had already received her gentle dismission, when there followed two or three breathings more, —and all was over!

I cannot withhold these few and scattered frag-

ments; though conscious they convey no adequate idea of a scene, from first to last, of inexpressible interest. It is usually said, that forgetfulness is the consequence of inattention. It may be so, in the task of committing to memory, what we little care for. But it is not so, at least not always so, in religious exercises; nor perhaps in any cases of extraordinary excitement. I have learned by experience, that a man may be engaged most intensely; and yet,—nay, for that very reason—may fail to remember. No wonder, the Prophets required a restoring, guiding inspiration, to enable them to give to others, especially to put upon authentic record, a full and faithful account of the lively oracles of God which they had themselves previously heard, accompanied by heavenly visions which they had themselves seen. Like an awfully sublime heavenly vision, my beloved wife's departure came upon me suddenly; it absorbed me completely till the last moment; and when I found myself left alone, the glory had passed away and I could not recall it. I heard many words, which I cannot repeat. Of any thing I said myself, I can give almost no account. I suppose, I sometimes spoke, "not knowing what I said." And, then, as to her; the looks, the accents, the whole manner, of the ascending saint, should be given, as well as the language!

I dare not enlarge. But lest the reader should

be tempted to attribute my asseverations, rather to my own ecstacy, than to any facts I had to narrate, I shall add the testimony of one of the medical gentlemen present, well qualified from long practice to form a judicious opinion. He had given it, in a letter anouncing the event, without any view to publication. I saw it quoted in another letter, and I hope he will excuse the liberty I now take in quoting it again. "I have seen many people die, but I never saw one die in so much confidence, and with so much serenity. She was perfectly sensible till within two minutes of her death, and as long as she could speak, continued to pray for herself, and all her friends, in language as correct, as she could have done, in her highest state of health."

Mrs. Ewing died at noon of the Lord's day, September 14th, 1828, aged 55.

Lines suggested by the death of Mrs. Ewing.

[These Lines were written by a loving and much-loved cousin, now abroad, but who had, for several years, lived in the family. Providence brought her seasonably back for a while, to weep with the survivors of the sad calamity. She writes as truly one with them; and when she speaks in the character of the desolate widower, she conveys, in her own pathetic language, the very inmost thoughts of his bleeding heart.]

Thou askest me why tears suffuse mine eyes,
And smiles are banish'd from me! Art thou then
A stranger in this land, and knowest not
That *she* who was our lov'd and prized one,

The key-stone of our friendship's firm-knit arch,—
The clasp by which bands numberless were held,—
The spring by which all kindly streams were fed,—
The prop on which fond hearts too fondly leaned,
Is gone, and hath not left her like behind!
Thou knewest not! Well, then, come lend thine ear,
And I will try to portraiture her worth!
But like all portraits, 'twill be cold and tame;
The flesh and blood, the spirit-stirring glance,
The varying smile, the mantling cheek, defy
The painter's mimic power; and ah! much more
The soul's most delicate, enchanting traits,
Dwell in their native beauty and true force
Only in fond affection's secret cell!
Yet I will try, for as thou knewest her not,
The sketch may not seem worthless in thine eyes.
Of manners gentle, but of soul sincere,
And firm of purpose, duty found her still
Unshrinking at her post; nor merely there,
But with all energy, and every nerve
Strained to perform acknowledged duty *well.*
Warm in affection as the cooing dove,
And tenderly alive when aught of ill
Assailed the object of her care and love,
She was a heroine in its highest sense;
For pain and sickness borne without a groan,
And self in every case, contemned, forgot,
Witness'd her high-toned soul; while day by day
Her heart, her hands, her active powerful mind,
Throbbed, thought, and toiled, for all within her sphere.

But first in duty as in love stood *he*
Who was her husband! Oh! that word he *was!*
What desolation speaks it to the soul!
It tells of hourly tenderness gone by,—
Of matchless excellencies seen no more,—
Of happy hours for ever, ever fled,—
Of weary, solitary days to come!
Tells it nought else? Oh! yes, my coward heart,
Think on her life in deeds of mercy spent,
Think on the years of faith and patient hope,
Think on the many souls to Jesus won,
The unwearied zeal, the countless plans of good,
Proposed, matured, and set in full career;
Think above all on her triumphant death,
When with a martyr's patience, mid almost
A martyr's sufferings, she displayed to all,
Religion's power to unsting death, and pour
A deathless glory round a dying bed.
That smile, that thrilling smile! I see it still,
By which, with a most tender guile, she strove
To hide from me the torture she endured!
I hear her dying charge, it cheers me on,
"Preach, preach," she cried, "the word of saving truth
Preach Christ, how precious to the parting soul!"
And tho' her pulses had forgot to beat,
Tho' life was quitting its last post,—her heart,
With truth's own eloquence she warned, she pled
To win, or to confirm, in Jesus' ways.
Then, the last look her breaking eyes *could* give
Was bent on *me*, her latest look of love.

Say, then, if 'tis not a soul-soothing thought,
I *was* her husband! but more soothing still,
A little moment, and we meet again!—
A little moment! and I join her side,
To love, to praise, to wonder and adore!—
A little moment! and my tears are past;
We meet again! oh, bliss! *to part no more!*

Sir John Maxwell having, in the handsomest manner, consented to his sister's dying wish as to the place of her burial, she was buried, on Saturday, the 20th September 1828, at Eastwood, in the Polloc Vault.

Extract from a Sermon delivered in Eastwood church, on Sabbath 21st September, upon the occasion of the much lamented death of Mrs. Ewing; from Phil. i. 21. "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." *By the* Rev. George Logan, *Minister of Eastwood.*

[This honourable testimony, to Mrs. Ewing, is valued as given in the parish church of her native parish, by one who was acquainted with her several years, and whom she always esteemed as a brother in Christ, and a faithful minister of the Gospel.]

"Most of you will perceive that we have been led to the subject, upon which we have this day been addressing you, by the much lamented death of an excellent Christian Lady, wife of an eminent minister in the neighbouring city, and nearly related to an honourable family in this parish. Her

death was occasioned by one of those events, which we are wont to call accidents, all of which, however, are under the direction and control of a holy, wise, and gracious Providence. She went out in health, accompanied by a few friends, and in circumstances from which no danger could beforehand be apprehended, but ere she returned, she met with a fracture, which in the course of a very few days terminated in the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle. Let us not say, where, in such a case, was the Ruler of the Universe? why did he not interpose for the preservation of his servant. The Lord is in the heavens; He doth whatsoever pleaseth him; He giveth not account of any of his matters. It was his will, that she, in this way, should finish her earthly course, and enter into the joy of her Lord; and it is the duty of all concerned to acquiesce in the Divine appointment, and to say, The will of the Lord be done.

"I feel myself unable to give any thing like a just description of her character. Called in her youth to the knowledge and belief of the truth, as it is in Jesus, she felt its power, and lived habitually under its influence. Though born and educated in what is called high life, she renounced, without becoming peevish and morose, the pomp and vanities of the world, and was, in all respects, a devout, active, and exemplary Christian. She endeavoured by every mean in her power to do good. She

was unwearied in her attention to the poor, especially of her own sex, supplying their wants, imparting to them, by books, and otherwise, religious instruction, and, in every possible way, ministering to their comfort. She rejoiced in the prosperity of Bible and Missionary Societies, and of every Association that tended to enlarge the boundaries of the Redeemer's kingdom, and advance the interests of true and undefiled religion, whether at home or abroad: and laboured to promote their success by her contributions, by her personal exertions, and, I doubt not, by her frequent and fervent prayers. Though attached, from principle, to her own particular denomination, she was by no means of a narrow contracted spirit, but entertained a good opinion of all, who, she apprehended, had received Christ Jesus the Lord, and were studious of walking in him. I have not learned the particulars of what passed, when she was laid upon the bed of affliction, and had death in immediate prospect: only, in general, that the whole scene was very edifying, that she was then entirely resigned to the Divine will, and rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God. It may be truly said of her that for her to live was Christ, and we have no reason to entertain the smallest doubt, that death hath been to her exceeding great and eternal gain. Now she hath joined the general Assembly and Church of the first-born in heaven, and

hath attained to a perfection of knowledge, holiness, and happiness, of which we can form at present no adequate conception. And could she hold any communication with us below, we might suppose her to address her many weeping friends in the words of our Lord to his disciples previous to his departure, 'If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I have gone to the Father. Blessed truly are the dead, who die in the Lord. They rest from their labours and their works do follow them.' Let us be followers of them, who through faith and patience now inherit the promises, and not flatter ourselves with the hope of dying the death of the righteous, unless we be found walking in the way of faith and holiness."

Extract from a Sermon, preached in Nile Street Chapel, Glasgow, in the afternoon of Lord's day, Sept. 21*st*, 1828*; on occasion of the lamented death of Mrs. Greville Ewing, by Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. from* 1 *Cor.* xv. 28. "Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."

[Although the next testimony has already been extensively published, this Memoir would be very deficient, indeed, were a document of so much excellence not to appear again, along with others in its proper connexion and order. It is well known to be the testimony of the mourning survivor's nearest brother in the ministry given from long acquaintance, and friendship, and in that style of appropriate elegance, and affectionate sympathy, which are charac-

teristic of the excellent author, and which were never more highly appreciated than on this occasion.]

"You have already anticipated me in the first and most immediate improvement of this subject,—a subject in itself so full of interest—What rich and substantial consolation it yields us under the loss, by death, of Christian friends!—And who is there amongst us, that may not truly say this afternoon, *I have lost a friend?* There are some, who from intimacy of connexion, and acquaintance with character, and experience of kindness, will utter the sentiment with a deeper emotion than others; but she whose sudden and unexpected departure, we are, with one heart, uniting to deplore, was eminently the friend of all.—But when Christians speak of *losing* such a friend, let them think what they mean, and beware of forgetting their spiritual relations and their blessed hopes. Those who fall asleep in Jesus are not lost to those who survive them. They are only parted from them for a time, to meet again,—and to meet at home. They are no more lost, than a dear friend is lost who goes home before us, after we have sojourned for a while at a distance, and whom we are soon to follow, and know where to find.—But to our society, our counsels, our plans, and our labours here below, they *are* lost: and the loss will be deeply and lastingly felt, in proportion to the greatness and variety of the excellencies by

which, in life, they were distinguished and endeared.

"I am well aware, that in thus publicly speaking of our departed friend, I am doing what might expose me to her own censure:—'Speak not of *me*,' she would say; 'speak of CHRIST.'—My only vindication is, that, in speaking of the excellencies which the grace of Christ produced, I *am* speaking of Christ. I am honouring that grace. I am recommending his gospel, in the faith of which they had their origin, their stability, and their growth. —Of whatever principle of goodness there was in her character, and of whatever she was enabled to do for the glory of her Saviour, and for the benefit, temporal or spiritual, of her fellow creatures, she herself would have said, in the humble spirit of self-renunciation,—'Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.'

"The faith of 'the glorious gospel of the grace of God,'—of free and sovereign mercy to sinners through the merits and intercession of the divine Mediator, was deeply settled in her spiritually enlightened understanding, and had a strong and stedfast hold of the affections of her heart. It was the animating impulse and ruling principle of her whole conduct. It wrought by love. It overcame the world, both in its intimidations and in its allurements; inducing her, not with reluctant submission, but with cheerful gratitude, to 'deny

herself, and take up the cross, and follow Jesus,' —imitating and serving him, confessing his Name, and seeking his glory.—Her views of evangelical truth were clear, simple, scriptural,—drawn, not from human systems, but from the word of God,— not from cisterns, but from the fountain-head. They were those of an understanding naturally vigorous, under the enlightening influence of the Divine Spirit.—The word and ordinances of God were her delight; and she sought from them, agreeably to the ends for which they were given, the enlargement of spiritual knowledge, the confirmation of spiritual principles, and the sustenance and excitement of spiritual affections. Warmly attached, from conscientious conviction, to the particular form of Christian profession which her examination of the sacred volume had led her to embrace, she yet regarded that form, not as an end, but as a means,—an outward institute for an inward spiritual purpose, and its adaptation to that purpose as constituting its divine excellence.

"Her religion was characterized by a cheerful seriousness,—the cheerfulness as remote from levity, as the seriousness from gloom. Few Christians could enjoy with a livelier relish the pleasures of social intercourse. She entered, with an easy vivacity, into the ordinary topics and daily occurrences of life; but religions conversation was her peculiar delight. On such occasions, her eye

and countenance assumed the most interesting variations of expression,—alternately fixed in deep and thoughtful seriousness,—sparkling with animation,—or lighted up with a smile of benignity, of which no one who has ever seen it can lose the impression.—Her piety was not meditative and contemplative merely;—it was eminently and habitually practical. It put its consistent influence into every thing. Her eye was single. Guided by one principle,—a simple regard to her Lord's will—her deportment was marked by a beautiful harmony. She was an example of readiness to every good work; and few are the objects of Christian benevolence that will not, directly or indirectly, in a greater or less degree, miss her willing and efficient efforts.—Of her it might with truth be said,—not indeed in the same sense as of the apostle, but in such ways as were consistent with the proprieties of her sex and situation,—that 'there came upon her daily the care of all the churches.' She grieved for their declension, and rejoiced in their prosperity, and 'sought their good alway.'—Her interest in the success of the preaching of the gospel in the destitute parts of Scotland was peculiarly lively; and it evinced itself in an extensive and constant correspondence for the reception and communication of intelligence, in unwearied efforts for procuring the requisite pecuniary means, and in devising and suggesting methods of

more successful exertion and more enlarged usefulness. The pastors of the churches, in their persons, families, and flocks, were the objects of her incessantly kind solicitude. Like the Tryphenas and Tryphosas, the Marys and Priscillas of apostolic days, she was emphatically 'a succourer of many;' nor is there a minister in the Union, especially in the poorer and remoter districts, who will not feel that he has lost a friend. But her concern for the success of the gospel was far from being limited and local. In its wishes and prayers, and, as far as ability could reach, in its practical exertions, it embraced not Scotland merely, but the whole world.

"There are present those of her kindred who would bear me out in an ample and honourable testimony to the tenderness and vigour of her domestic and relative affections; to the kind and steady consistency with which they were exercised in all the walks of private life; to her high-toned integrity and freedom from selfishness in whatever regarded her own interests; and to her generous anxiety rather to make a sacrifice of these, than leave the slightest room for any misunderstanding of her motives, or reflection upon her Christian principles. And there are now hearing me not a few, who would raise their united voices to support me in saying, that her friendships were never friendships of 'word only.' As her benevolence

could in no instance be satisfied with saying, 'Depart in peace, be warmed, be filled,' be clothed, be instructed, be healed;—so was it with her friendships. They were friendships of real heart-felt sympathy with the joys and the sorrows of their objects,—friendships of active, substantial, self-denying kindness, minutely and considerately mindful of every circumstance that might contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of those whose good it sought,—setting her wits immediately to work, to devise means of benefit, and to bring these means to bear on the accomplishment of her end. She helped, where she could; and where she could not help, she counselled, and comforted, and prayed.

"Her life, in a word, was a happy exemplification of the practical religion of the Bible:—and as she made no secret of her principles, but 'confessed with the mouth' what she 'believed in the heart,' her practice was eminently calculated to recommend the religion she professed;—to give it a testimony in the consciences even of those by whom its principles were never embraced;—to foster every gracious impression in those 'whose hearts God had touched,' and win them by its convincing and persuasive influence;—and, where she could not be loved and welcomed *on account* of her religion, to constrain esteem and admiration *in spite* of it.

"In such cases, my brethren, the excellencies which make us feel our loss are happily at the same time our consolation under it. They at once wound and heal. They make the disruption of the tie that bound us to our departed friends the more violent and painful;—yet are they balm to the bleeding heart. We call them to remembrance, in our gloomiest hours, with a pensive pleasure; and our faithful memories, even while they open the fountains of sorrow, become our most efficient comforters. They give us the most delightfully soothing and strengthening of all assurances,—the assurance that our friends to whom it was 'Christ to live,' have found it 'gain to die' —that having lived to the Lord and died to the Lord, they are gone to be with Him. And, although it is not from the *sayings* of a deathbed, but from the consistent *doings* of previous practical godliness, that we derive our confidence respecting the unfeigned faith of our fellow-Christians, and the reality of their interest in the grace of the Saviour, yet is it no inconsiderable ground of congratulation and thankfulness, when a godly life is closed with a dying testimony.

"To all our comforts, on the present occasion, this has been mercifully superadded.—From the moment of the melancholy catastrophe to the moment when she drew her last breath, the mind of our dear departed friend enjoyed the most undisturbed

serenity. All was satisfaction and peace. There never was a whisper of complaint,—never the breathing of a wish that any one circumstance had been otherwise than the Providence of her heavenly Father had ordered it.—When sensible that her case was critical, and that her end drew near, she addressed words of appropriate consolation and counsel to the friends and domestics that were upon the spot, and gave in commission special messages, full of faithful affection, and all bearing on their best interests, to be delivered to others. With the most perfect collectedness of mind, anticipating her speedy removal, and anxious to omit nothing which it was right for her to say or to do, she gave directions, regarding herself, regarding those surviving friends whose welfare and whose usefulness were so dear to her heart, and regarding objects of benevolence, about which her interest remained with her to the last. Fortitude and resignation in suffering had characterized her through life; and they were displayed, with singular constancy, from the beginning to the close of its last distressing scene. She watched her own ebbing pulse,—marking when it left her arm, and when it ceased at her heart:—and so perfectly peaceful was her departure, that it could not be known, by those who were silently awaiting it, which was her parting breath."

Written on Monday, September 22d, when Lady Maxwell visited Mrs. Ewing's Grave in Eastwood Church Yard.

[These lines were read by Lady Maxwell with many tears, after her return from the grave; and they were then transmitted by her to the widower, to whom they had been kindly dedicated by the author, with the expression of a hope that they would please him.—They do indeed please him, both for their own merits as a beloved niece's effusion of mournful and affectionate regard for the memory of a beloved aunt; and also for the opportunity they afford him, and of which he eagerly avails himself, to acknowledge, that this is one of very many gratifying and substantial proofs of kind attention and friendly regard, which he has long received from the whole of that loved and honoured family; and never more than since the blow came, which might have been supposed to have broke the connexion.]

Here rests with her fathers, all calmly reposing,
As fervent a Christian as ever had breath,
Who parted so gently with life at its closing,
It seem'd to be only the semblance of death.

No hero in ancient, or modern story,
No warrior panting for honour and fame,
No scholar who dreaded to tarnish his glory,
Ere yielded up life with a steadier frame.

The arrow was sped! and the spark was extinguished
In triumphs of joy—through the faith she possess'd;
And those she most lov'd, in a moment relinquished,
With pray'rs that they all might be found with the blest.

No sculpture adorns her! no epitaph rises!
In classical guise, to emblazon her birth;
The poor and the helpless her memory prizes,
The sick and the sorrowful speak of her worth.

'Twas not an ephemeral kindness that perished,
Or owed its existence to effort and toil;
'Twas not an exotic that needs must be cherished,
The flow'r was indigenous, sprung from the soil.

So boundless her love for the whole of creation,
She had not a blessing too great to impart,
She would have spread knowledge from nation to nation,
And told them of Jesus, the hope of her heart.

For if there was aught that unusually brightened
Her radiant eyes, with her happiest smiles,
It was when the Christian soldier enlightened,
Or planted the standard of Christ in the isles.

Her song was redemption! and now she is reaping,
The fruits of her faithfulness, ardour, and worth;
Her ashes in peace with her ancestors sleeping,
Her spirit with him, whom she worshipp'd on earth!

A Brief Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Greville Ewing.

[These lines were written by Bernard Barton, a member of the Society of Friends, well known for many excellent poetical works, and very kindly contributed by him to be engraven on mourning cards, and presented to the sale of Ladies' Work, at Edinburgh, in

March 1829, for the support of the preaching of the Gospel, in the Highlands and Islands, in which Mrs. Ewing took an interest.]

"She being dead yet speaketh."

When sets the sun—his parted splendours fill
With glowing brightness all the western sky;
When fades the Rose—its ling'ring fragrance still
Tells that its sweetest charm can death defy.

E'en so departed Saint! should thoughts of thee
Survive thyself, our sorrows to reprove;
With angel tongue thy witnesses to be
In every work of *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *Love*.

Thy hallowed Memory, and thy spotless Name,
Thy fervent piety, and fearless zeal;
These still should advocate each Christian aim,
And yet for Charity's blest cause appeal.

Thus from the Grave, thy voice may now be heard,
Pleading, on earth, for Heaven's eternal bliss,
And human hearts, by thy example stirred,
Rejoice to labour in a task like this.

BERNARD BARTON.

Woodbridge, Suffolk,
1st Month 24th, 1829.

A Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Ewing, also intended for the Sale of Ladies' Work.

[This is most gratefully acknowledged as the contribution of an unknown friend, a Minister in Suffolk.]

Say, sister spirit, what celestial band,
Came to conduct thee to thy starry land;
And why so soon—and why at such a time
Wast thou transported to the heavenly clime.
Who could have thought in such a lovely scene
The pathway to the grave would intervene;
That where the cascade falls with awful sound,
And nature spreads her magic charms around;
That there the harbinger of death would come,
And the first step be taken to the tomb.

Mysterious power that governs man's affairs,
Fixes our bounds and measures out our years;
'Tis thine to wither pleasure's cheerful day,
'Tis thine to lead thro' sorrow's darksome way.
'Tis thine in youth or age to bid us go
Thro' death's lone path, and leave this world below.
And all thou dost is right; and all designed
To show the wisdom of the eternal mind:
And teach thy creatures, while they see the rod,
Calmly to bow and know that thou art God.

Shall we then grieve that we have lost a friend;
Shall we, dear Ewing, mourn thy peaceful end?
Nature must weep, but memory soothes the mind,
With all the virtues thou hast left behind;
Thy fair example gladly would we trace;
Thy holy life, thy every modest grace,

Thy ardent zeal to send each Highland clan,
The word that heaven reveals to guilty man.
Then, sister spirit, we will weep no more,
But follow thee till life's short days are o'er,
And at the cross in sweet submission bend,
Learn of the Saviour;—imitate the friend;
And wait the hour till we are called to come,
And mingle with thee in thy heavenly home!

Wrentham, Jan. 28th, 1829.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. Ewing.

[These lines are by a young man, who had lived a season as an inmate in the family, of which he was a relation, in order to attend College; who knew Mrs. Ewing's manner of life, and had experience of her parental care and kindness.]

Come, thou scoffer, come, behold
This our Ewing's closing scene!
Though her heart is waxing cold;
Not a gloom can intervene
To disturb the heavenly peace
Of her spirit near release.

Hark! the voice of Death, he comes!
Softly sound ye notes of grief!
Its last ray the eye illumes,
Ray that marks the soul's relief,
Now th' immortal mounts the sky,
There to dwell with Christ on high.

Could the gospel, which that hour
Soothed her mind, be but a tale?

Could aught but Almighty power
So remove Death's dark'ning veil ?
Give the peace that she enjoyed ?
Breathe the words that she employed ?

Come thou child of Jesus too !
See this new-born spirit fly !
See what Christ has wrought for you
Ev'n in death a victory ;
Victory, complete, and full,
Over Satan's iron rule.

O ye careless ! think again !
Ere you scout the promis'd bliss ;
Trust in him who died ! and then
Fruit shall robe your wilderness ;
Fruit that never shall decay,
Rip'ning to the perfect day.

Harps of holiest spirits gone !
All ye choirs of bliss above !
Sweetly sound your noblest tone !
Praising loud the Lord of love.
Sav'd by God's almighty hand,
Now another joins your band.

Lord ! lead mourners left behind
To the grace that stayed *her* soul ;
That alone can calm the mind
While the world's proud tempests roll ;
Guide through all the ills of time
To a high, a heavenly clime. R. J. N.

Glasgow, March, 1829.

Much of the compassion of God has been shown to the writer of this memoir, in his affliction, through the instrumentality of his Christian friends. They have very tenderly sympathized with him; they have rendered him numberless kind, and acceptable services; they have earnestly remembered him in their prayers, and have been stirred up, on his account, to greater importunity in prayer. In no way, have their exertions come home more effectually to his relief, than in many excellent letters of condolence and consolation, with which he has been favoured. He begs to express his deeply felt obligations publicly, because he has not had either strength or spirits, to make those private and personal acknowledgments, which were justly due, in each particular instance.

But how shall he make them, in the most appropriate manner? He hopes it will not give offence, if he act on the persuasion, that the letters referred to cannot be more suitably acknowledged, than by being published. They will thus crown the monument, which his trembling hand has been attempting to rear to his beloved, lamented wife, whom his sympathizing correspondents have, with sacred poets, and gospel heralds, delighted to honour. The widower, whom they have done so much to console, will have them, at all times, on his table, for his own benefit; and they will furnish a lasting store of instruction and comfort for the benefit

of others, since the cup of sorrow is always circulating.

In many respects, he conceives, that the letters form the most important, and perhaps the most acceptable part of this little volume. Every reader is, for the time, treated as the letter-writer's companion. The letters given already, were the writer's principal encouragement to draw up his Memoir. No kind of reading can be more easy, or attractive, to the afflicted, than suitable communications of this nature. They are short, pointed, warm, diversified, and confidential. They are at once of general interest, and receive life and force from being written, under the influence of a great sensation, on a trying occasion, to a particular friend.—The afflicted person will read a letter, when he has not inclination, or power, to read any thing else. And the benevolence, which prompted the esteemed, the dearly loved writers, to make such an effort for one, will not be disappointed by seeing their highly prized services made available for many.

It is only a selection that can be attempted. No names will be published, in letters of strictly private friendship: greater liberty will be taken in letters written by public men, especially in those written by brethren in the ministry, and in a way comparatively, of a public nature. All private matters will be omitted. Although, there-

fore, he has not been able to ask leave previously in each particular case, and has even been afraid to do so lest he should encounter a refusal, the receiver of these excellent letters humbly hopes he may show his gratitude to his correspondents, and his desire to impart to companions in tribulation, the balm which has done so much towards mitigating the sufferings of his own mind, without hurting the feelings, or incurring the displeasure of those, who have laid him under unspeakable obligations, by the love they have shown to the dead, and to the living; who, in the spirit of genuine compassion, must have real pleasure in comforting all that are cast down; and who cannot possibly find in the publication of their letters, any thing of theirs which does not do them honour.—The letters are subjoined in the order of their dates.

The writer of the Memoir had written thus far, when there were put into his hands, two letters by THE SUBJECT OF THE MEMOIR, written for the very purpose of consoling an afflicted family, under two successive bereavements, and kindly transmitted by them for this publication. Too late to be inserted earlier, they must take a place here also; where they will be found sweetly to harmonize with all that shall follow.—According to the proposed order of dates, they of course come first.

"Glasgow, 17th Nov., 1821.

"My dear Miss Y——g,

"Mr. Ewing and I most sincerely sympathize with you, your mother, and every member of the family, on the recent loss you have sustained,—but blessed be God, we are called on to mingle thanksgivings also. When we view this world as we ought, as merely a preparatory place for an eternal abode, can we weep much at the thought of one we loved having done with all sin, and sorrow, and pain, and being at God's right hand, where are pleasures for evermore? Those who have not fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel, may well be alarmed when one of their number is taken away, uncertain when their turn may come to appear before Him as a Judge whom they have neglected as a Saviour. But those who are building on the foundation which has proved firm to the very end with those whose faith and hope were similarly placed, know that they will soon rejoice for ever with and on account of those, whose company they now miss and mourn.

"I remember when my only and beloved sister left this vale of tears, I used to feel in a way I cannot describe, overpowered when I thought of or heard of her as connected with worldly things, but when I considered where she was, what she was delivered from, and what enjoying, I could almost believe I heard the melody of heaven.

"My dear friend, we know God is love; that he is faithful to his promise, and will make all things work together for good to those who love him; let us trust him, and we shall see he will bring some sweet out of this bitter. Let us pray and not faint. Surely it was not in vain your dear sister had so triumphant an end. May He who can, give us cause to sing of mercy to some precious soul awakened by it. I shall be anxious to hear dear Mrs. R——y has not suffered in her health. When any of you write to her, will you kindly remember us with the most affectionate sympathy. As we shall be anxious to hear of you all, I am sure Mr. O—e will indulge us with a few lines. I hope you will not make an effort to write me; when you can easily do so, it will give me much pleasure. Mr. Ewing and Miss Cathcart join in every kind wish to you and your mother, and I am, my dear Miss Y——g,

"Yours affectionately,

"B. Ewing."

"My dear Miss Y——g,

"We were truly grieved to learn by Mr. O—'s letter, that it had pleased our Heavenly Father again to visit your family with an afflictive stroke. We sincerely sympathize with you—to tell you so, cannot alleviate your distress;—but blessed be God we know of One, who, in all the affliction of

his people, is afflicted, and who has the power to support under, and deliver out of, and sanctify by every such dispensation of his Holy Providence. Faint not, therefore, my dear friend, under this and other painful visitations, but believe all that God has spoken of the meaning and end of all his dealings, and you will infallibly experience his faithfulness. Tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, but the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind by Christ Jesus. If we are called on even when eating and drinking, and in every ordinary thing, to do all to the glory of God—much more are we to show to the world that we are not only actuated, but supported by the consolations and hopes of the Gospel, and so lead others by our sorrows to glorify God as a very present help in trouble.—If Christians yield to sorrow, so as to hurt their health and mar their usefulness, as the light of the world and salt of the earth, Satan gets an advantage. On the other hand, if all these trials only quicken their zeal and make them more dead to the world and alive to God, He is glorified by the produce of that fruit which it was his purpose they should yield. You know all this better than I do, but we need each other's help to bring these things to remembrance when our minds are perplexed with grief; therefore you

will receive it as it is meant, an expression of affectionate concern. Mr. Ewing and Miss Cathcart join me in requesting you to say to your mother how deeply we feel for her, and beg our best respects. They beg their love to you, and believe me, my dear Miss Y——g,

"Yours very sincerely,

"B. Ewing."

"Glasgow, 22d Oct., 1823."

Mrs. Ewing's character and success, as a step-mother, having formed so interesting a part of the Memoir,* the writer of it hopes he will be pardoned by the public, and by his own child, for introducing, without her knowledge, the letter, which, in poor health, and much agitation, she hurriedly wrote him, while her husband was setting off, on receiving the melancholy intelligence, to tender in person his affectionate services.

"Durham, Sept. 16th, 1828.

"My beloved Father,

"I have taken up my pen, but I hardly know how to address you. I and mine have lost our best earthly friend; but all personal considerations are for the present nearly swallowed up in the contemplation of *your* loss. What that is, we can partly imagine, but you alone feel it in all its

* See p. 65.

bitterness. This is a renewal of former griefs, with many aggravating circumstances. But I am forcibly reminded that she whose death we are deploring, was ever disposed to be grateful for the mercies that had been enjoyed, rather than to indulge in regret when they were withdrawn; and I am sure it is more congenial with what were her views and feelings, that we should dwell upon the strong consolations of the gospel, than upon the gloomy and painful circumstances in which this event has placed us. O what a mercy is it now, that we have everlasting consolation and good hope through 'grace;' a good part which cannot be taken away. I doubt not you are enabled to say with Job, 'though He slay me, yet will I trust in him;' and with one greater than Job, 'the cup which my father giveth me, shall I not drink it?' Your flesh and your heart cannot but fail under this overwhelming stroke; but the Lord is the strength of your heart and your portion for ever. He has never left nor forsaken you yet, and most assuredly He will not now.

" Though there is a difference in the dates of the letters, of two days, we received both this morning. The slight idea which they give of the painful circumstances, is very dreadful, but what must they have been to you who witnessed and participated in them! The suddenness of the accident, the violence of it, and the acuteness of the

suffering; the absence from home,—are all to our view circumstances of painful regret. Yet precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints, and even amidst the fury of implacable enemies, Stephen is said to have *fallen asleep.* It is certainly a mercy that death was not instantaneous; and though much suffering must have been endured, the latter end seems to have been peace. Prayer for those whom she loved was a favourite and frequent employment; and it seems it was the last. It was ever a source of great comfort to me, to know that we enjoyed her constant remembrance at the throne of grace; and I trust we shall yet receive many blessings in consequence of it. But when I come to think of my own obligations, and of the loss I have sustained, I must forbear at present to enlarge, for I am not yet sufficiently composed almost to realize what has taken place. I trust the Lord will preserve my dear husband to reach you in safety, and that he may be honoured in some measure to minister to your comfort. We cannot see it our duty to leave home both at once; and in the first instance, his going seems more likely to be of use than mine. If we are continued in health, I will most gladly come and see you a little after this. But what an altered prospect presents itself there! I shall feel anxious to hear how you are, and the other sufferers; and many particulars which my husband will be able

to communicate. Mrs. O——y and Miss L——n both deeply feel the unexpected intelligence, and unite in deploring the loss sustained by the cause of Christ. I know of no individual whose death will be more generally deplored throughout the churches in Scotland, or with greater reason. But the Lord liveth and reigneth; let the earth rejoice. It is certainly a matter of thankfulness that your health was re-established before this. I trust your injury may not be of serious consequence.

"I was providentially led to return home from Sunderland last night. I am obliged to conclude. With earnest prayers that you may be supported, and that this event may be sanctified to us all,

"I remain, my dear father,

"Your affectionate daughter,

"JANET JAMIESON MATHESON."

"H——, 16th September, 1828.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"Having read in the Edinburgh Courant, the distressing account of what befell you and party, I was balancing whether to address you at Lanark or Glasgow, to learn particulars, and to hear as I hoped favourable accounts, when your notice of yesterday announcing the melancholy event that has taken place, reached and has very sensibly affected me. How true it is that in midst of life we are in death, that when perhaps on an excur-

sion in pursuit of health we meet our death. How little we know where safety is or danger lurks.—But it is comfortable to know that the time when, the place where, and the manner how, each of us is to die is known to him, to whom belong the issues of death,—and that it shall be well with the righteous in whatever circumstances or by whatever means their death is occasioned.

" You, my dear friend, must sorrow,—but you have not to sorrow as those who have no hope.—I need only express my deep sympathy with you, and offer up my earnest prayer, that the Father of mercies and God of all grace and consolation may comfort your heart. The sources of true spiritual comfort in the most trying situations are well known to you. May the Lord enable you to derive consolation and support from them.—And if he give quietness, who then, or what can occasion trouble ?—This event, so painful to flesh and blood, has not happened by accident, but with the perfect knowledge, permission, and will of him who has the key of death in his hand, in whose wisdom and goodness we have every reason to confide and to rest assured that *this is* just as it should be.—Are we wiser than he ? Were all circumstances known and considered, we should see that it is better *thus* than otherwise. O let us be *still* and know that it is God with whom we have to do, and that it becomes not *us* to oppose our wills to *his* will, or

to wish even to have things different from what they are.—'Should it be according to *thy mind?*' It is comfortable to reflect that God does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men,—that when he chastens his people, it is because there is need for it, and to do them good by the discipline. Let us search ourselves,—and seek that the salutary design of such an afflicting dispensation may be realized by us,—that we may be quickened in our diligence to be found of God in peace,—and may be habitually watching and waiting for the coming of the Lord.

"I shall be most anxious till I hear of you. We are both soon to leave this world—sooner perhaps than we are aware. Oh that we may be ready and becoming more meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. I hope I am weaning from the world, and would contemplate my departure to the world of spirits daily.

"I remain, my dear friend,

"Your affectionate and sympathizing brother,

"R—— L——."

"Cheltenham, September 20th, 1828.

"My dear and much valued Friend,

"It is with unutterable anxiety and sorrow, I have just read in one of the papers, an account of the afflictive dispensation of Providence, with which you have been visited!—I read the melancholy

record again and again, hoping that there might be possibly some mistake; but another paper confirmed the same account, and announced the fatal result, in reference to your dear and beloved partner!—Yet why should I call it '*fatal* result.'—Alas! our feelings and our weaknesses compel us to use such terms; while a realizing apprehension of the divine testimony and a perception of things as they *are*, would lead us to look at that result as 'an entrance, *ministered abundantly*,' into our Father's kingdom! Yet how, my friend, that *such* should have been the appointed *manner* of that entrance—that he who hath 'the keys of the unseen world and of death,' should *thus* have prepared the way for an admission to his immediate presence!

> 'Short, sudden was the gale,
> That wafted her to rest—
> A while the waves impetuous rushed,
> A moment's tossing and 'twas hushed!'—

"Oh! my dear friend—I cannot tell you how solicitous I am to know how you are, under this overwhelming trial. I am well assured that you have the sympathy, and prayers, of all who know and love you—and the circle is a wide and extended one, in which your sorrows will be remembered at the throne of our heavenly Father. What is infinitely better—our BEST FRIEND does not, and cannot, forget you—He never breaks the bruised reed—He heals the broken hearted and comforts

them that mourn. I trust, amidst all that sense may feel, and reason may suggest, that God is enabling you to say—'It is well'—'HE hath done it,' who is too wise to err, and too gracious to lay upon his suffering people more than he will enable them to bear!—Often, very often, have I regretted that our great distance from each other, has rendered us so much unacquainted with our respective circumstances, and anxieties, and that the very urgent pressure of duty, and the frequent experience of personal and relative trial, should have made sad chasms in our intercourse.—I the more blame myself for this, because no one has more tender and grateful and affectionate remembrances, of the days and years that are gone by—never can I forget the maternal solicitude, the uniform kindness and sympathy of your beloved, but now departed friend—her strength of mind, her humility of spirit, her eminent disinterestedness, and her elevated devotion to the cause of our Lord, were indeed marked and highly characteristic features.—I have never thought of her and of her now mourning partner, without heartfelt gratitude to God for being ever acquainted with her and you; and for all the precious recollections I am privileged to cherish!—If you have ever thought me forgetful or unmindful, do, my friend, banish the suspicion, and accept the assurance of my sincere, and most affectionate sympathy. You well know where to

find an all-sufficient solace, and I trust, ‘ He who comforteth them that are cast down,’ is not withholding the ample experience of his ‘ everlasting consolation.’

“ Oh ! the unutterable value of *that* consolation, and the preciousness of that gospel, which inspires, and supports, and preserves it. I can only pray that the mind of my venerated, and beloved friend, may *largely* participate in its enjoyment, and that HE who once trod the vale of suffering and woe, may give you the richest experience of his presence and love ! He has removed your dearest earthly comforter that he may endear to you, more than ever, his own *love* and the resources of his own unchanging Covenant !—By and by he will explain the mystery, and enable us all to say—‘ It was the RIGHT way !’

“ My kind remembrances to Miss Cathcart and all your esteemed circle.

“ And be assured that I am,

“ My dear friend,

“ Yours, very sincerely and affectionately,

“ J. FLETCHER.”

“ Hackney, September 22d, 1828.

“ Weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice.—I do sympathize with you, my beloved friend, (and so does my dear partner too,) and in so doing my heart is, as I believe your heart

is, touched with the two opposite feelings of grief and joy. It resembles the founders of the second temple, when some wept with a loud voice, and others shouted aloud for joy. Glasgow and its scenery presents itself to my imagination. It seems but the other day, that when my return from the country to the house of Christian hospitality, and kindness, was unusually late at night, she and yourself ran to the door, and welcomed me on my safe arrival, with demonstrations of interest in my welfare, as if I had been a son. It seems but yesterday, that when visiting Glasgow labouring under indisposition, you took me into your abode, and both of you conspired together to refresh my spirit and make me forget that I was ill. Ah ! your eyes are full of tears, and so are mine, for neither you nor I shall hear her voice again on earth.—Not hear her voice? Hark ! she reproves me ! Listen with the ear of faith—she speaks and says—If you loved me you would rejoice, for I am gone to dwell with my heavenly Father.—Oh, we do love the dear departed saint, and therefore check our selfish sobs and sighs. What! would you bring her out of Heaven and down again to earth? No, O my soul, if I had the power, I would not. I would say, retain thy golden harp; strike its chords, celestial spirit; I will not check thine unutterable joys, nor interrupt thy hallelujahs. Oh, how she was welcomed into heaven, Oh, how her soul has

been swallowed up with raptures, not to be told on earth. Oh, when her Saviour looked and smiled; when he said, 'Come thou blessed of my Father, enter into the joy of thy Lord'—the delight which thrilled through her soul, no words can tell. No, thou shalt not come again to earth; no, not with our consent—we love thee too much to admit of that; may we go to thee and enjoy thy company and bliss in Heaven.

'Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the blissful day.'

"O, what a day! What a meeting that will be.—Let us be looking for it and hasting to it.

"With unfeigned love and sympathy,

"Yours, beloved friend and brother,

"H. Townley."

"Dundee, 22d September, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"I deeply sympathize with you under the heavy bereavement you have been called to suffer. May the God of all comfort be himself your comforter. You are not left to sorrow as those who have no hope. The Saviour has shed a blessed light on the darkness of the tomb. He hath risen as the first-fruits of them that slept, and the harvest in due time shall be gathered in. The proverbial joy of harvest becomes thus associated with the

vale of death, as we anticipate the period when the night of death shall give way to the dawn of the resurrection morn. In the mean time the spirit has fled to a happier region, where all is light and joy and immortality. Your friend really exists elsewhere, and you have the assurance that all her valued worth still lives, more truly lives, through the communications of that grace which commenced it here, and hath perfected it in the sacred temple of her God. The peace which the gospel thus communicates to the afflicted mourner bears the impress of that blessed region whither the Saviour hath gone. May you abundantly feel that He, amid all the glories of that hallowed land, is now imparting this peace to you as one whose case has been singly considered, whose feelings have been most minutely weighed, and whose every want has been regarded. He can stanch the wounds of the bleeding heart, and satisfy the desires of the immortal spirit, when rising above the ills of life, its views are directed to Him in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Henceforth the thoughts of the departed will be associated in your mind with the services and the joys of that hallowed abode.

" What a mercy that our views are not bounded by the narrow margin of the grave, but stretch to

the throne of the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity.

" I beg to be remembered to Miss Cathcart. I am glad to learn that she is fast recovering, and that you are in the same condition.

" Praying that you may have abundant grace for all your trials and your labours,

" I remain, my dear Sir,

" Yours very sincerely,

" David Russell."

" Pinkie Burn, Musselburgh, 24th Sept. 1828.

" My dear, very dear Sir,

" Now when it is all over, allow a feeble brother, and a mourning brother, to express his most affectionate condolence, and tender sympathy with you on this deeply affecting occasion. I am persuaded that this is not necessary on your account, because you will have many such expressions, and had you none such, you enjoy, I doubt not, the supporting influence of the tender sympathy of Him who 'died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should *live together* with him;' but it is necessary on my own account; I could not easily restrain myself from saying something, were it only, that it is impossible for me to express my own feelings, and those of my dear partner for these eight days.

" My loss is very great indeed: what a valuable

correspondent, what a valuable fellow labourer, in a good work on which both our hearts were set, is taken away! what a hospitable friend is gone. I feel that the loss of *many* in whose welfare I am interested is very great; there is not another of the same sex whose removal would have been so felt among our churches and brother ministers.—Indeed this is saying but little. But what, my dear Sir, is your loss! And yet, the desire of your eyes has been taken away with a stroke, by Him who gave himself for your redemption, and her redemption, and who has honoured you both here above many, and made you both meet for the everlasting inheritance. And I am sure you are the first to justify Him who guides all the wheels of nature, and to say, that he had a right to do according to his own mind, as to the time and place and manner of taking his own, of whom for a season he had made a gracious loan to you.

"Your loss is her gain. Our tears of sorrow have of late been mingled with tears of joy in hearing a little about the end of dear Mrs. Ewing. What we have heard, animating as it is, is not more than what we should have expected, seeing her heavenly Father kindly permitted her to retain possession of all her powers of mind and speech to the last. We might have concluded that she would leave the world, as she passed through it: and we ought to bless God for another

proof of the power of grace and faith. We should like to hear more than we have yet heard, but this we cannot expect for some time.

"I feel anxious also, my dear Sir, to know something more of your state; I mean your bodily health, and the result of your hurt, for I do believe that your mind is tranquil. Do not, however, suppose that I expect you to write to me: but perhaps some friend might by and by command as much time. Mrs. W. and I feel anxious also to know about our much esteemed friend, Miss Cathcart, whom we fondly trust the Lord kindly supports and deals tenderly with.——

"May the Lord bless you and keep you, and make his face to shine upon you: your sorrow will soon be turned to joy. Believe *us* to be your sympathizing friends.

"My dear, very dear Sir, ever yours,

"JOHN WATSON."

"Hackney, 24th September, 1828.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I can now fully enter into the feelings which not long ago you expressed in a very kind and sympathizing letter to me. I scarcely know how to venture to address you under an affliction so overwhelming as yours. Yet I know and I rejoice that I am addressing one who has long been familiar with those considerations which infinite

wisdom and paternal love have deemed the best solace for the bereaved heart. I do not doubt, my dear friend, that you have realized the sustaining influence of that 'strong consolation' which the Divine Comforter well knows how to infuse into the agonized spirit. I have myself found scarcely any thought so soothing under moments of anguish as the persuasion that the beloved companion of so many years has actually entered into the rest and blessedness of a perfected and glorified spirit in the presence of Jesus! To dwell on this contemplation, gives a feeling of submission and repose, even when the heart almost refuses to be comforted. And then, rightly viewed, how short is the interval of separation, between the one that is taken and the one that is left! Soon will the re-union be effected; and Oh, under circumstances how blissful, how transporting! What perfection of character, what perfection of blessedness; what perpetuity of ecstatic joy! What consummate wisdom will appear in dispensations which now seem enveloped in mysterious obscurity! And even now, my dear Sir, we are learning, I trust, to say, with filial confidence and submission, 'it is well!'

"It has been only through the public papers that I have received the heart-rending tidings of dear Mrs. Ewing which have occasioned this letter. I need not tell you, my dear friend, that I

shall never cease to cherish many tender and many grateful recollections associated with her character and her name. Greatly I honoured her, and much I loved her. I always regarded her as a Christian elevated, by more than ordinary communications from the spirit of Christ, to decided eminence of Christian character. I think, I know how to estimate, in some degree, the loss which not only my beloved friend, but which the church also has sustained. But then He who made her what she was and what *now* she *is*, remains the same in *Himself*—the same to *us!* Let us trust him—let us submit to him—let us find in him reasons for repose.

"I much long to receive some account of my dear lamented friend's last hours. Can you, amidst your sorrows, find time to favour with a few lines, one who so deeply sympathizes with your grief? If not, would Miss Cathcart so far show me this kindness, for which I should be inexpressibly grateful. I beg most kind remembrance to her, and ever am,

"My very dear friend, most cordially yours,

"H. F. Burder."

"Grove Lane, Sept. 25th, 1828.

"My dear afflicted Friend,

"I sit down the first moment of leisure and composure I have enjoyed since the melancholy

tidings reached me, which they did, the day after I wrote you last, to express, but that I cannot adequately do, what I feel respecting the loss, which you and the cause of Christ, and I also, have sustained. God only knows how fondly I loved and venerated her, and how much my heart bleeds for you. Her removal engrosses me too much to think even of the painful circumstances under which it took place, and of what has befallen you all. I feel that I have been deprived of one whose love and confidence I had long been privileged to enjoy—who often aided me by her counsel, and comforted me when depressed; whose letters, though often imperfectly answered, were always deeply interesting; and on whose life I had calculated for many years to come as a blessing to you and to many. Little did I think when I parted with you last, that we should not again meet in this vale of tears—and that I should be called so soon to condole with you on the heaviest loss you could sustain. We have been in various ways fellow sufferers, and are likely to be so to the end of our earthly pilgrimage. It is well, we know that it is all well. Goodness and mercy have surely followed us all the days of our life—and we shall dwell together with those who are not lost, but gone before, in our Father's house, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. It is delightful to think of such a life, and of such a death too,

as that of your beloved wife. What an encouragement to hold fast, and to hold on, and to be followers of her who by faith and patience has gone to inherit the promises! Her energy of mind, decision of character, and combination of sound judgment, with unwearied activity and benevolence,—all formed under the influence of Christian principle and correct feeling,—were a rare exemplification of what the grace of God can do; while her course shows what such a combination can effect. But I need not speak of what she was to you—God has taken her to himself—and it becomes us to bow with silent submission before his sovereign authority.—Be comforted, my beloved brother, you have long enjoyed an invaluble blessing, it is removed but for a little—laid up in heaven, where it will be safely kept till that great day—for which all other days were made.

"I cannot tell you the distress and interest which this event has excited even in this vast place. Every body sympathizes with you. I informed our friends of it last Lord's day, and endeavoured to make some improvement of it, and begged them to pray for you. They were all exceedingly distressed, and have since been making many inquiries about you. I have written a short, but I fear an imperfect notice for the Magazine of next month, as many I know expect it. I am now

greatly anxious to hear about you and poor Miss Cathcart, who has lost a sister for a little; but it may be to gain a brother for ever.

" Adieu! my dear friend, may he who comforteth those that are cast down, eminently bless and comfort you under this sorrow, that you may yet be enabled to comfort many others.—With united sympathy for yourself and Miss Cathcart, I ever am, yours in the strictest bonds of love and fellowship,

" W. Orme."

From the Congregational Magazine for October, 1828.

" It is with feelings of no ordinary sorrow, that we record the death of this truly excellent and estimable individual. Most of our readers will have been apprised ere this time of the distressing circumstances under which it occurred.——

" Thus by a mysterious and painful dispensation, have the church of Christ, and a large circle of attached friends, been deprived of one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian profession, whom it has been our privilege to know.—Though placed in circumstances of affluence, and of great temptation, she was led at an early period of life, to receive the gospel, and by the grace of God she was enabled eminently to adorn its doctrines for a long course of years. The firmness of her

mind, and the inflexibility of her principles, appeared in her resistance of every inducement to act contrary to what she believed to be opposed to the word of God, and in her becoming a member of a small Dissenting church, long before her connexion with her esteemed husband. Connected as she was, by birth and outward circumstances, with the first families in Scotland, she counted it her highest honour to be known as a Christian, and her greatest privilege to be the wife of a Dissenting minister. Her energy of character was extraordinary, her activity unceasing, her benevolence unwearied, and only limited by her own resources, or those of her friends, which were frequently placed at her disposal. Her great object through life was usefulness, and to enjoy it, she was utterly regardless of the opinion of the world, and of all personal labour or sacrifice. It was impossible to be in her society without feeling that she was a woman of no ordinary description, and not easy to leave her company, without retaining some impression of her useful and edifying conversation. Her correspondence was extensive, especially among the ministers of the Congregational churches in Scotland, to whose comfort she ministered both in spiritual and temporal things, in the most efficient and persevering manner. She was, in the best sense of the expression, 'a mother in Israel,' and a 'succourer of many,' who will

long deplore the loss they have sustained, while they will ever rejoice in the abundant grace conferred upon her. We could say much more were we to do justice to what we know; and we should not know when to stop, were we to say what we feel. Thus much we have felt ourselves bound to state, in the discharge of public duty, and of personal friendship and affection."

Extract from a Sermon, delivered by Mr. Orme to his Church at Camberwell, on James iv. 13. "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow;" *from Notes taken by a Lady.*

"I have offered these few remarks from the impression made on my own mind, in reference to the very painful occurrence to which I adverted this morning, and which has lately befallen the family of my much esteemed friend Mr. Ewing. I know not scarcely in what terms to advert to this very trying dispensation. I need scarcely say to you, that between that individual and myself, and his family, indeed, a long and a very intimate connexion has subsisted, his name stands connected with my earliest associations and feelings in the profession and in the ministry of the gospel; during more than twenty years we have lived together, on terms of the most intimate and endeared correspondence. I need scarcely refresh

your memories by a reference to the exquisitely tender manner, in which he addressed the individual who is now addressing you.* You may easily conceive, under such circumstances, what I must have felt when I first heard the painful occurrence which has filled not only that family, but a very large circle of Christians, and even of others also, with a degree of sorrow that is very rarely experienced.——

"Such, my friends, is the amount of the melancholy event; melancholy it is in many respects, and yet in connexion with it there are considerations full of consolation, and which afford the richest hope to the minds of all who were acquainted with the respected individual who is now no more.

"Of Mrs. Ewing, I scarcely know how to express myself in the presence of those who did not enjoy her acquaintance; I scarcely know such another female in the profession of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.——

"She received the gospel of Christ in circumstances that made that gospel peculiarly dear to her, and produced a powerful impression on her mind, and a revolution of character and conduct which were apparent to all; and from the moment of her profession of the gospel up to the last period of her life, she acted with a degree of decision that is scarcely equalled.—She received the

* At Mr. Orme's Settlement at Camberwell.

gospel as I have stated, she acted thus under its influence, she left the establishment of the country, and in all the connexions in which she lived and moved, in connexion with the church in our body in Scotland, she has left a testimony and an impression which I am sure cannot be forgotten during the life of most of the individuals who belong to that body: she was unwearied in her activity, in her benevolence, in her dispensations of kindness, and she possessed the esteem and confidence of hundreds who must therefore sorrow in no ordinary measure——I shall live and die with the most powerful impression of her character and kindness."

"Elgin, 25th Sept., 1828.

"My very dear Sir,

"The severe bereavement with which it has pleased our heavenly Father recently to visit you, in the removal to himself of *your* excellent and dear partner in life—and *our* generous, faithful, and lamented friend, has struck us all in the north like a thunderbolt. It was altogether so sudden and unexpected to us, that it has stunned us like the shock of an earthquake. The vibration is general among our churches in these northern parts. We all feel as if we had lost in her removal—a long tried, and firm friend—an affectionate sister—and a mother of our Israel. Our pas-

tors and churches in this quarter look upon the mournful event as the *first* public bereavement which, as a body, we have met with. In our judgment we knew that she was mortal;—and, although she frequently had very poor health,—yet we had flattered ourselves that our heavenly Father might, for many years to come, spare her for a blessing to you—her family—the public in your populous city, and especially to the churches of the congregational body in Scotland—to the poorest of which she had been so long a most efficient, and generous friend. 'Many daughters have done virtuously'—but when we think of her sound sense, her fervent piety, her decision of principle, her activity and energy of character, the deep interest she took in the comfort of the poor pastors and the condition of their families—and the sympathetic care for all the churches,—without exaggeration or invidious comparison, we cannot help thinking—'that SHE excelled them all.' 'She has been a succourer of many, and of myself also.' But I almost forget that I am writing to her surviving husband, whom she has left to feel and deplore his loss—and who is a thousand fold better qualified than I can be to appreciate her sterling worth—and to estimate his own and our loss. But we rejoice to think that our loss has been her unspeakable and everlasting gain. Neither you nor we, my dear Sir, are called to mourn over her ashes as those

who have no hope. And while it is a consideration that may partly add to the pungency of your grief; yet in another respect you have been highly favoured of the Lord even to *have* had *such* a partner in life—such a suitable help-meet for you in the kingdom and patience of our common Lord —and that he spared her *so long* with you in the wilderness.

Although, my dear Sir, she has left you like a shattered oak a little longer to weather the storms of the wilderness; yet I am sure many thousand prayers will be presented to the mercy-seat of our heavenly Father at this crisis, for grace, and strength to yourself—your family—and flock, to sweeten, soften, and sanctify the mournful event to all your souls. A thousand streams of Christian sympathy will flow from as many hearts, and will run in one strong current along with you on this occasion. Although your *own* character were less known, and less valued by us all than it really is—your having been the *husband of Mrs. Ewing* would make you a point of attraction, and the subject of our most sincere sympathy and condolence at this time. But above all, you and we have a Great High Priest passed into the heavens, who can pour into your soul the balm of mercy, and the oil of gospel gladness, so as to render you perfectly comforted and happy, under your severe, and otherwise irreparable loss. We trust he also will do it, you

know HIM who was dead and is alive—and who lives for evermore—and who can sustain under the most weighty trials, and bereavements. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. But whether we live, we live unto the Lord—or whether we die, we die unto the Lord.—Living or dying we are the Lord's. For to this end Jesus both died, and rose and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living. 'Death-divided friends will soon meet to part no more.' May it be our great concern, to occupy till the Lord come—to be faithful unto death, and in due time we shall receive the crown of life.

"I have very lately had a letter from Mr. Dewar, and another from Mr. Martin, in which they express their deep regret at the decease of Mrs. Ewing—and their sincere sympathy with you, your family, friends, and flock, under this breach. Messrs. Martin and Munro, are this week out on a preaching excursion on the banks of the Dee, and Don. Mr. Martin, in his letter to me, wishes me very much to write you—and to express our united affection, and tender sympathy for you and the family, on this occasion. Indeed there can only be one common feeling, among all our pastors and churches in the north, in contemplating the removal of our dear departed friend—and in sympathizing with the chief mourner. Her memorial will long be embalmed in all our memories. Asso-

ciations and recollections of *Mrs. Ewing*, somehow or other, have for many years been blended with all our itinerating exertions in the north. No person ever did, or ever could take a deeper interest in these operations, than she did; and a vivid recollection of those things, if we are spared to live and labour in the Lord's vineyard, must still mingle with our country excursions for many years to come. It would be gratifying for us to hear either from you—or of you by some of the friends, at the earliest convenience—and how each of those who were confined by the accident is recovering. Mrs. M'Neil unites with me in kindest regards, and affectionate sympathy for you, Miss Cathcart, and all the family. May the God of love and peace be with you all!

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours most cordially,

"N. M'Neil."

"Edinburgh, September 28th, 1828.

"My dear Sir, ——

—— "God be with you, my friend! in this hour of darkness, and you will find light in the Lord.—God be with you, my brother! in this awful solitude and grief, and although the earth quakes, and the prison walls tremble, and the iron not only fetters the members, but enters your soul, with Paul and Silas, you shall sing. Yea, you shall

sing at midnight, and joy shall assuredly come in the morning. So, for years, you have told others, and you shall yet tell it them again, and with this addition, that so yourself have found it.

"It is a very severe, but not a new or strange thing which has happened to you, and I know, that as soon as it took place, you were prepared to say, The Lord has done it, and he is wise in all his ways, and holy in all his works, and what more can be added than that, The will of the Lord be done. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'—Think not that I am ignorant of the greatness, or insensible to the value of your loss.—To you I well know it is beyond estimation or comparison. Well! but is it on this account less unworthy to be given to God! or will it be less acceptable to him?

"If I mistake not, three-fourths of the day of life, according to the reckoning of Moses, has nearly passed with you, and at the close of the day this gift will be again restored to you, but O! in what different circumstances. It was taken away in the midst of tears, and lamentations, and mourning, and wo, and miserable anticipations, (I had almost said fie upon it,) but it will be given back with gladness, and with mirth, and with triumph, and with joy, and in assured hope of life immortal.—O! how unlike is God's mode

of giving to that of man.—Comfort yourself, my dear Sir, with the belief of these truths, and your spirit, like Jacob when he saw the waggons, will come again, and you will receive beauty for ashes, and the oil of festivity and joy, for the spirit of heaviness.—In the meantime, there is one fact of which you will permit me to remind you. There is a cup, you know, a fearful cup, denominated in the Scripture, the cup of trembling, for reasons I need not detail to you.—This awful cup was originally prepared *for you*, and when it was just about to be put into your hands, there was a friend that said, Give it to me, and it was given to him, and for your sake, and from love to you, capacious as it was, he drank it, and left not a drop, no not one drop behind. But though there is not a drop left, the scent remains. He has just now, it seems, put this cup into your hands, and though you cannot taste, you have found a little of the scent thereof, and it is horrible.—And if the scent be horrible, think what the full draught must have been. It will lead you to fellowship both in the suffering and the love of Him that drank it for you—and if you suffer with him, you shall also reign with him. May that be my case as well as yours, and believe me to be, with much esteem and regard, my dear Sir,

"Your friend and servant,

"T. S. J——."

" Wrentham, 29th September, 1828.

" VERY DEAR SIR,

" I have been exceedingly grieved to hear of the heavy and painful affliction with which you have recently been visited in the loss of Mrs. Ewing, in circumstances which must have filled you with unspeakable distress. I have not yet seen any of the accounts contained in the London papers of the awful accident which has plunged you into the deep waters of affliction, but I have heard from those who have, the painful particulars of the melancholy event, and I hasten to assure you of my tenderest and most affectionate sympathy, and of my fervent prayers that you may be enabled in this hour of trial to cast your burden on the Lord, and that you may find him a refuge and strength, a present help in trouble.

" It is a great consolation to know that, however casual and accidental events may appear to us, they are all under the direction of Him who is infinite in wisdom and goodness, who numbers the hairs of our heads, and without whose knowledge a sparrow does not fall to the ground; particularly as he has assured us that all things shall work together for good to them that love him, and are the called according to his purpose. You have also the consolation of reflecting that though this event is painful to you, it has produced a delight-

ful change in the condition of the dear object of your affections, and translated her from a world of sin and sorrow, to one of purity and bliss, and everlasting joy, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, the former things being passed away. You have only occasion to weep for yourself, for those friends to whom she was dear and from whom she is now separated, and for those objects of her Christian compassion whom she laboured to benefit, both as to their temporal and their spiritual interest. She has joined the spirits of the just made perfect, and being absent from the body, she is now present with the Lord, and the time is not far distant, when you will again enjoy her society in all the perfection and rapture of heaven. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing flee away. And in the meantime, our afflictions, which, comparatively speaking, are light and but for a moment, are working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"I am myself at present but poorly in health, having suffered last week three paroxysms of intermittent fever, but I am, I hope, convalescent, as I

escaped the fit last Lord's day evening. Indeed I have suffered more from indisposition in the last two years, than I had done for more than thirty years before. But God does all things well, and while he has afflicted me less than my iniquities deserve, he has bestowed upon me mercies both temporal and spiritual, which I cannot contemplate without admiring gratitude. O that my gratitude were more of an active principle, and impelled me to make more vigorous exertions to promote the glory of my great benefactor.

"In all our afflictions there is a mixture of mercy, and I consider it as a great mercy, that your valuable life has been spared, and that, as I understand, you have not sustained any material injury in your own person. I doubt not, that when time and Christian principle have, in some measure, abated the perturbation of spirit, occasioned by the awful shock which you have sustained, you will be able to perceive and acknowledge, the mercies which have been mingled in the event, which in one of its results has plunged you into an abyss of grief. O that the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort and consolation, may cheer you with his sympathy and with the light of his countenance. And now, I commend you to him and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified. Mrs. Ritchie

unites in kindest and most sympathizing regards to you and Miss Cathcart, and I am,

"Yours with great respect and affection,

"ANDREW RITCHIE."

"Sheffield, September 30th, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am desirous to express my sympathy with you, in the great affliction with which it has pleased God to visit you. I am only acquainted with the general fact; and such circumstances as were detailed in the public prints. Possibly these are not either full or correct: but it is not to be supposed that you have time and spirits to correct or enlarge these accounts. Thus much we know, in general, that you have been deprived of the friend and companion of many years, in a way that must add not a little to the bitterness of the trial.

"I am not forgetful of the great consolation you have from the frame of mind, and happy experience of our late friend in the most trying of all seasons: and even if this had not been so, and she had been suddenly taken away, or otherwise unable to express herself comfortably, yet we are all so fully assured of her safety, from the solid evidence of eminent and consistent piety, that our consolation needed not to be less, than it now is.

Still there is mercy in the cup of sorrow, as matters were ordered by a gracious Providence: and you who were near all the time, and knew all, must have strong consolation.

"We are not called to think of those that sleep in Jesus, as lost or dead, or even as entirely severed from us. For we are come to the spirits of just men made perfect—we are all one family in heaven and in earth. They *prevent* us, indeed, and thus have the advantage: but it is only for a time, and even now, they are only taken to a higher mansion of the house of our Father.

"For this they had been prepared by the teaching and discipline of God's house here below: and being prepared for it, they are taken up higher into the presence of God. Yet they may know much of what concerns us here. We know much of what they do there—and we may, in our measure, do and feel as they.

"But their departure may be meant to prepare us to follow them. Certainly it cuts some of the cords that bind us to the earth—it raises the soul to the place where they dwell. The world is darker, and more cold by their departure—heaven has one additional attraction to what it had before. Thus, perhaps, were they removed that we might be made sooner and more fully meet to follow.

"Meantime, it were wrong to weep and sorrow

as those who have no hope. We should comfort ourselves with such words as are found in the sacred word.

"Nor should the world, and life, and duty, become so insipid, that our hands shall hang down, and our knees grow feeble, and the duties of life, with the labours of the gospel, grow uninteresting This were both sinful and unwise. Rather let us work while it is day, since the night cometh when no man can work. My hope and prayer is, that God will give such support—that neither your health nor spirits shall fail, nor your labours or studies be long interrupted. They will, I am sure, assume a holier character, and a more elevated tone, and thus many may profit by your trials. Your loss may thus be gain to many, and one who served the Lord in life, may more eminently serve him at her departure. With best wishes, prayers, and sympathy, in which I am joined by Mrs. S.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours ever truly,

"THOMAS SMITH."

"Huntly, 2d October, 1828.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"You will excuse me for intruding upon you merely to express my deepest sympathy. When the tidings of dear Mrs. Ewing's death reached this, I was confined to bed by a serious attack.

They concealed the news from me until the violence of the disease was broken. For some days after I durst never think of her, but as enjoying *consummate bliss;* nor of you, but as *supported* by the arm of your heavenly Master. My after reflections I dare not, even now, give vent to: but I determined, the first day I was able to sit up to write, to inform you that there are here who both feel much, and pray for you under your present deep distress. I cannot ask you to write; while I feel most anxious to hear how you are, and also of Miss Cathcart. Mrs. Ewing was my only Glasgow correspondent, and the high enjoyment I had from her pleasing, instructive, and affectionate letters, shall be cherished while I live. Often they refreshed me when ready to give way to thoughts of a desponding nature ——— but she is in the land where the sun goes no more down. I cannot enlarge. May the Father of mercies make good to you his great promise, 'I will never leave thee!'

"Mrs. Hill joins me most cordially in every expression of Christian regard and tender feeling, and I ever am,

"My dear Sir,

"Most affectionately yours,

"John Hill."

"Edinburgh, Oct. 3d, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"Few things could have gratified the feelings of my heart, more than the receipt of your kind letter, and inestimable token of my much loved friend's recollection of me. Inexpressibly painful, yet pleasant, are such proofs of affection from one so much lamented, and so much beloved.

"Were it not to acknowledge my gratitude for such favours, I should not have had courage to intrude my feeble expressions of sympathy on your grief; for you require not words to inform you, how deeply I share in your bitter cup of sorrow. I am afraid I have grieved too much, and been selfishly saying, such a friend as I have lost, the world cannot make up to me; not sufficiently considering the far greater loss which you, dear Sir, have sustained: in the best of wives, and one of the brightest ornaments of Christianity. But the work assigned her by unerring Wisdom on earth was accomplished; and you have been enabled to give her up, and kiss the rod with a firm dependance upon the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, proving that though cast down, not destroyed: cleaving to him still as the anchor and support of your soul; and he will continue to be so, although for the present the turbulent billows are passing over your soul.——

"I have dwelt much of late as applicable to her for whom I must weep, on St. Paul's words, Rom. viii. 18, 'For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed!' and now has been revealed to her rejoicing sight!!!

"May the wish which she has bequeathed me, and seconded by you, be blessed as a fresh incitement to urge my cold dull heart, to strive more earnestly than ever; to be ready when the summons comes to meet her at the right hand of God, and join in triumphant songs of hosannah to the Son of David. It soothed my heart to learn from Mr. Matheson, that the Lord so eminently assisted you in going through the public duties of last Lord's day: you were much on our heart at that period, we trusted He would be with you. He will always be with you,—He will never leave you, never, never, forsake you, till you finish your course and join her who is now before the throne.——

"We do share in your grief, we pray for your consolation, but God alone can heal your wounds. To Him I commit you, and am, much esteemed and very dear Sir,

"Your sympathizing and affectionate,

"M. C. T——R."

"Avoch, October 3d, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"It was with the deepest sorrow, for the loss sustained by the poor congregational churches in Scotland, and with heartfelt sympathy for you, that I heard of the accident that happened to you, Mrs. Ewing, and your other friends, and of the subsequent death of our dear and valuable friend Mrs. Ewing. Of her it might be truly said, that she was a mother in Israel. She was a succourer of many, and of me also; and in her, I may say, that I and my family, have lost our best friend in the world; for there was not another individual alive, that took such an interest in us, or did so much for us, as she did, since I had the happiness of being introduced to her acquaintance. But Oh! what a joyful consideration, that our temporal loss is her eternal gain, and how should it enhance the value of the gospel in our esteem; when we are assured that they, who sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him. Hence we are not left to mourn as those that have no hope, for blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, for from henceforth they shall rest from their labours, and their works shall follow them. In a short time all the true followers of the Lamb, shall meet in that place where there is no more sin, curse, or death, where the pangs of separation shall never be felt, by the kindred spirits of saints—and where sorrow and

sighing shall have no place—but where He, in whose strength they have fought and conquered, shall set them up as pillars in the temple of his God, never more to go out. I rejoice to think that under your heavy bereavement, and bodily affliction, you have such consolations to support you; and besides this I am sure that as far as the sympathies and prayers of brethren in Christ are a comfort to a believer under affliction, this comfort is yours to a great extent. It is my earnest prayer that the God that did deliver, and doth deliver, may yet deliver you, and spare you to be a blessing in the important sphere in which he hath called you to move. My brother requests of me to say, that he feels deeply interested in your trial, and wishes to be remembered to you in the most affectionate manner. Accept of this from us as a token of Christian sympathy and affection.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours in the bonds of the gospel,

"ALEXR. DEWAR."

"Dumfries, Oct. 3d, 1828.

"DEAR AND ESTEEMED SIR,

"It was with much concern, that we heard of the recent afflictive accident, that occurred to you, and other friends, and the subsequent removal of Mrs. Ewing, by death, occasioned by that accident.

"As a church we deem it a duty we owe to the

memory, as well as from our deep respect for you, to express our sincere condolence with you, under the present, afflictive, bereaving, dispensation, with which our heavenly Father hath seen meet to visit you. In the removal of Mrs. Ewing, the churches have sustained a common loss, and we believe it is felt as such; but the loss they have sustained is nothing when compared with yours. May the Father of mercies, who has been to you the 'God of all comfort,' sustain you, under the power of this darkness, and enable you in every remembrance of your affliction, to repose with unquestioning submission, on his wisdom, faithfulness, and unchanging love.

"While you must feel, and mourn, the loss you have sustained, it is cause of thanksgiving to God, that you have not reason to mourn, as those who have no hope, but rather, as it respects her who is departed, to be filled with joy 'in all your tribulation.'

"We will not, dear friend, attempt to comfort you by a multiplication of words,—we cannot comfort you, but God can.—He is the 'God of all comfort;' and while we mingle our tears and sympathies with yours, we hope the prayers of our hearts shall ascend to the throne of grace, in your behalf.

"May your valuable life be long spared, and your increased usefulness in the service of the

gospel give abundant, and delightful proofs, that even *this* dispensation has been ordered by the God of all peace, for the purpose of giving new life to ministrations in the gospel of his Son, already lively, by causing a still richer unction of divine influence to rest upon them, and rendering them to thousands the savour of life unto life.

"In the name of the church, we sign ourselves yours affectionately, in the bond of the gospel.

"THOMAS YOUNG, *Pastor*,
"ROBERT ARMSTRONG, *Deacon*."

"Linlathen, 4th Oct., 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The Lord hath done it, he who hath loved us and given his Son for us, hath done it. I would bless God with you, for the manifestation which he has given to us of the power of his grace, both in the life, and in the death of her who has been taken hence.—He is faithful to perform above and beyond all our narrow conceptions of his promises of loving care, and consolation, and support to his people, in their hour of need. I have heard how she was supported, and enabled to give glory to God, as she entered the dark valley. The Lord grant unto us that we may be followers of those, who have been followers of Jesus. And when we lament the termination of their usefulness upon earth, and the breaking off for a season of the

interchange of an affection sanctified by the Spirit of God; and endeared by many remembrances, —let us think of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and in him find everlasting consolation. May the Lord sustain you under this very heavy blow, and give you a double portion of his Spirit, that you may be enabled to comfort others with that comfort, wherewith your own soul has been comforted of the Lord. I feel now very painfully, my not having seen her the last time that I was in the west country. I called two or three times at Carlton-place, in the hope that you might perchance be in town; and I once set off to visit you in your country residence; but when I arrived in Glasgow, I found myself so oppressed by the heat, that I made up my mind to defer it, alas! to another occasion, and returned home, —but we shall meet, I trust, where there is no parting.

"I am sure that the deep sympathy of our affectionate friend, Mr. S———g, must have been a great consolation to you. And, indeed, though you are the chief mourner here,—yet you have many true mourners in your train. I am not sure that I know a single individual, whose loss could be so much felt. The combination of so much kindness, and judgment, and activity, with piety, is rare in the world, and cannot be taken from the world without leaving a painful void

in the feelings of many. Wishing you much spiritual increase,

"I remain, my dear Sir, yours affectionately,

"T. Erskine."

"London, 31, Bedford Square, East,
"6th October, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"The notice in the newspapers and magazines of the heavy affliction with which you have been visited, has affected me much; and had it not been for the fear of intruding upon you with a letter, at a time which must have been of all others to you most sacred, I should have written you ere now, to assure you how deeply I feel for you, under the loss you have sustained; and how truly I sympathize with you, and your fellow-sufferers, who have survived the recent melancholy accident.

"The disinterested and Christian kindness which I experienced during my residence in Glasgow, from Mrs. Ewing, in common with yourself, has made an impression on my mind which will never be effaced; and the simple recollection of it, at this moment, causes me to feel as if, by the death of your beloved partner, I had lost a mother. She was, indeed, a mother to many in Israel, who will deplore, not her loss (for she has gained the crown of glory that awaits the faithful), but your loss and their own. Full well do I know how

all the ministers of our connexion in Scotland, as well as some in England, will be affected at the sad intelligence already communicated to them. It must afford a melancholy pleasure and satisfaction to your mind, under your present distress, to reflect on the estimation in which Mrs. Ewing was held by all who knew her, and by none more than the ministers of the word, who have so often been entertained and edified under your hospitable roof. The ardour of her soul, notwithstanding the weakness of her bodily frame, her inextinguishable zeal for the glory of God, her inflexible integrity, her uniform consistency, her thirst for doing good in every possible way, her benevolent regard for the poor and distressed, her devoted attachment to Christ, to his cause, and to his people, I often witnessed with admiration. These traits of her character, indeed, were visible to all, and worthy of imitation by all who knew her, or who shall ever hear of her: but many other excellencies doubtless you must have had opportunity of observing which others had not.

"How inscrutable are the ways of Jehovah! That one so eminent for piety, and so useful to the church, should be snatched away so suddenly and unexpectedly; after enduring, too, as she must have done, such excruciating pain; although it was but for a few days only! But the excellent of the earth are not exempted from the calamities

of life—on the contrary, theirs is frequently a cup of bitterness, of which others know little or nothing. 'The wicked have no bands in their death.' Yet what a blessing is it, that though our bodies may be tortured with racking pains, our souls at last shall depart *in peace.* Such was the case, I have good reason to believe, in regard to your dear departed wife. But I should like to have a few particulars on this subject, if you, or any of your friends, would take the trouble to furnish me with them, as I have informed my people, that I intend to improve Mrs. Ewing's death, next Lord's day morning, in my own place. My text I believe will be Judges v. 7, last clause, 'A mother in Israel.'

"I earnestly trust that you and your dear friends, who suffered along with you, are recovering, or already recovered from your bruises. Requesting the favour of a few lines from you, if you are able to write,

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly and affectionately,

"EBENEZER MILLER."

It was not in the power of the grateful receiver to comply with the request of this letter.—The sermon mentioned has since been published, from which an extract is subjoined.

"While she loved all who bore the image of

Christ, she manifested an especial regard for those whom she ever identified with the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, viz. the *Ministers of the Everlasting Gospel.* She respected and loved them 'for their work's sake,' and 'for the truth's sake which dwelleth in them.' The interest she felt in them and their work was strong and intense, and led her to adopt every means within her reach for promoting their temporal and spiritual welfare. In this respect she much resembled some of her own sex, whose names are honourably recorded in the Book of life; particularly those occurring in Romans xvi. (e. g.) *Phœbe,* the servant of the church at Cenchrea, of whom Paul says, 'She hath been a succourer of many and of myself also;'—or *Priscilla,* who, with her husband Aquila, was 'a helper' to the apostle 'in Christ Jesus;' or the beloved *Persis,* 'who laboured much in the Lord;' or those who are referred to by the same apostle, in the Epistle to the Philippians, where he says, 'I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow, help those *women* which laboured with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-labourers, whose names are in the Book of life.'

"It was the summit of Mrs. Ewing's ambition, during her pilgrimage on earth, to be useful for God. For this she prayed—for this she laboured—for this she lived—for this she made many a personal sacrifice—and was willing to endure re-

proaches, persecution, and even death itself. She seemed out of her element if she were not doing something that would tell in the great day of account—something that would contribute to the salvation of souls, and the advancement of the divine glory. Among other means to promote this end, she commenced, and maintained for a long series of years, a most extensive correspondence with the ministers of our different churches throughout the greater part of Scotland; entertained them in her house with genuine Christian hospitality, when they happened to be on a visit to the city where she dwelt; edified them by her godly conversation, and even inflamed their zeal for the good and glorious cause in which they were engaged. Nor ought I to omit noticing the uniform kindness she displayed towards the students of 'the Glasgow Theological Academy,' under the care of Mr. Ewing and Dr. Wardlaw, in connexion with which, as most of you are aware, I was privileged to pursue my studies preparatory to my entering on the work of the Christian ministry. The impressions produced on my mind by the kind and Christian attentions, which, in common with other my fellow-students, I received from that excellent woman, can never be effaced by the hand of time, nor by any, or all of the vicissitudes of life. And I cannot but rejoice at having an opportunity of thus publicly testifying the regard

which I bear to the memory of one to whom I feel under unspeakable obligations, and who might well be numbered among 'the excellent of the earth,' as she is now, we doubt not, numbered with 'the spirits of the just made perfect' in heaven. Her loss will be long and deeply felt by all who knew her worth, by nearly every minister and church of the Independent denomination in Scotland; by many also in England and other parts of the world, and by none more than her afflicted surviving partner, and her numerous relatives and friends. The place she has vacated will not easily be supplied. But while we mourn our loss, and that of the church generally, occasioned by the death of a person so estimable and useful, and by the removal from this world of a living example so bright; we ought also to rejoice at her 'unspeakable gain.' For 'blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' She is now freed from a body of sin and death. Her pure and happy spirit is already before the throne of the great Eternal. She is reaping the reward of her labours, beholding the glory of her God, and tuning her harp of gold to sing her Saviour's dying love, and to celebrate the praises of his rich and free, and matchless grace."

"Edinburgh, 7th Oct., 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"I embrace the first opportunity in my power after arriving from the south, to unite in those expressions of deep and affectionate sympathy which your recent loss must have called from many to whom the memory of our departed friend is dear. My dear Sir, I could not venture to refer to an event which has come so near to your happiness and your tenderest affections, were I not assured that you have abundantly known the strong consolations of heavenly love. O yes, we sorrow not as others who have no hope! We have words by which we may comfort one another. On these words the Father of mercies, blessed be his name, has caused us to hope. He has spoken them effectually to his people's hearts by his own teaching. And is not this a ground for overwhelming gratitude? Have not the great and attractive realities which He has discovered been better than life to us amidst its best enjoyments, and have they not a preciousness which affliction only enhances? Yea, in all these things we are more than conquerors. O what a victory is this! a victory over sin, over tribulation, over the world, over evil in every shape, over death itself—a victory through divine strength, through the blood of the Lamb, through the hope of the glory that shall

be revealed. Let us then but look at 'things unseen and eternal,' and not at 'things seen and temporal,' and our afflictions shall appear to us, as they are, but light afflictions which are only for a moment.

"I only suggest a few thoughts, dear and respected Sir, into which you, I know, have entered much more deeply. The trial itself cannot be joyous, but grievous, exceeding grievous. The stroke has been felt very deeply by all to whom your beloved relative was known—but whose sorrow can be like yours, who best knew her value as a Christian and a friend? Yet still we must say, the Lord hath done it—and it must be well. It must be well, it must be best, for you, for other relatives, for the church of God to which she was so eminently useful. This we cannot understand; but still so it must be. The Lord reigneth, and his reign is one of wisdom, love, and faithfulness—yea, it is the government of none other than our great High Priest, who is in all things touched with the feeling of our infirmities. O that we may still then rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation!

"I remember with much gratitude and affection Mrs. Ewing's uniform kindness to myself—and indeed, who cannot say the same who had much of the pleasure of her acquaintance? In England, the concern and sympathy expressed was general.

Dr. Clunie, at whose house I staid, begged me particularly to express his sincere condolence with you in your present affliction. I trust that our gracious Lord will continue to support your mind, and prolong through many years your health and usefulness. But to what quarter shall we look for a reparation of this breach? I trust we shall learn at least this lesson, to have our eyes more towards the Lord, and to seek more earnestly prosperity from Him. With best regards to Miss Cathcart, who, I am happy to hear, is recovering,

"I am, my dear Sir, yours,
"With respect and affection,
"GILBERT WARDLAW."

"Leith, 8th October, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have hitherto delayed writing in the expectation of being able to go to Glasgow and having the satisfaction of seeing you, when I might have an opportunity of expressing my feelings of sorrow and sympathy with you, under the heavy calamity by which in the will of our heavenly Father, you have been so greatly afflicted.—We rejoice to hear from all quarters that you have been wonderfully supported throughout, but it does not surprise us. He is faithful who has promised.—His grace will enable you to act and suffer in character, and you will be abundantly comforted with the conso-

lations which you have long been accustomed to address to others. In affliction there is a blessed fellowship among believers,—and a mysterious identity with their great Head, which give a grandeur to our trivial and temporary sufferings,—a sweetness and a solemnity, such as the scriptures describe, when the apostle speaks of glorying in tribulation,—but the world knoweth it not. How it brings us nearer—and renders us dearer to one another! The feeling of increased interest in you, which I have within these few weeks experienced, has no doubt been felt by all your Christian friends; and the extraordinary and extensive excitement which has been produced, has I trust been expressed in prayers on your behalf, and will redound to the glory of God. May you be invigorated for the service of our Lord and Master, by the painful bereavement and awful visitation you have had! May you be long spared and greatly strengthened for preaching the everlasting gospel,—having received an additional and affecting charge, where all the considerations of which we are sensible are requisite and should be borne upon our minds. So by fearful works in righteousness, shall prayer be answered—and the Lord will glorify himself in all the vicissitudes of our pilgrimage through the wilderness. He will supply also all the necessities of his saints—and support his churches in the land. When created streams

are dried up, the fountain still flows. And in removing one, however eminent and even singular, he will more than fill her place by raising up many others to minister in Israel.

"I need not say we all sympathize with you and Miss Cathcart most deeply; my mother particularly desires me to express for her the great concern she has felt. We were in the country when the first accounts came,—the health of my mother and sister requiring a change of air,—(they are now better)—and it was impossible for me to visit Lanark, which otherwise I might have done, in the view of being of service.——

"I beg you to present my regards to Miss Cathcart, and to Mr. and Mrs. C. if they are with you, and remain, my dear Sir, yours affectionately,

"G. D. CULLEN."

"Alloa, 13th October, 1828.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"I write you at present to ascertain how you are in your health and spirits. Having been three weeks from home, I have not had an opportunity of hearing any thing particular respecting you, since I had the melancholy pleasure of seeing you at Lanark. I therefore feel very anxious to know how you have been supported under your severe bereavement. The loss you have sustained is great

and irreparable, but I fondly hope, that that God whose you are, and whom you have long and faithfully served, has proportioned his grace to your heavy trial. O what a sudden and sad blank has been made in society in general, and in our body, in particular, by the removal of dear Mrs. Ewing to a better world. Were it not for the well grounded hope that our loss is her great and unspeakable gain, we should be tempted to arraign the wisdom and the goodness of God. But the Lord reigneth, and his grace enables us to say, he gives and he takes away, blessed be his name. He is possessed of infinite wisdom, therefore he cannot err; He is possessed of boundless goodness, therefore he cannot be unkind; and as he is possessed of almighty power, he is able to carry into effect all the promises of his word for the security, the direction, and the comfort of his own people. While we deplore the loss we have sustained in the death of one who was a succourer of many, and of *myself* also, I have been gratified by observing the heartfelt sympathy for you manifested in every place. When I mentioned the death of dear Mrs. Ewing to the church under my care, the whole body burst into tears. We afterwards made you the subject of our prayers, and I fondly hope that the Father of mercies heard us on that occasion, and granted you the consolations of his Holy Spirit.

"On the 23d ult. I attended the annual meeting of the association of our ministers belonging to Fifeshire and the neighbour counties. The circumstances of Mrs. Ewing's demise being mentioned, and prayer offered in your behalf, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to:

"Resolved,—'That this meeting has just heard of the distressing accident that has befallen Mr. Ewing and his friends:—as also of the loss sustained by Mr. Ewing, by our churches—and the world in the death of Mrs. Ewing;—that all the members of our association present, do sincerely feel for Mr. Ewing, and pray that the great Head of the church may uphold him in this his day of trial, and make all grace to abound;—and, that Mr. Hill of Alloa, be requested to communicate to their highly esteemed friend Mr. Ewing, their sense of his heavy calamity, and their deep felt sympathy with him under the same.'

"I know not, my very dear Sir, if there is any way by which I can be of use to you. If there is, you have only to command me. If preaching a day for you, would be any relief to you, you have only to say when my services are required, and I will gladly attend to the same. My obligations to you are such as never to be repaid; but I pray that you may be repaid at the resurrection of the just. I do with deep felt sorrow enter into your present circumstances of distress, and I desire to

be a follower of *her* who now through faith and patience, is inheriting the promises.

"I shall take it kind, if you will write me at your earliest conveniency, stating any particulars relative to our dear departed friend; as also how you are supported under your heavy affliction.

"Praying, that grace, mercy, and peace may be imparted to you in rich abundance,

"I am,

"My very dear Sir, yours, very affectionately,

"J. HILL."

"DEAR SIR,

"We are frequently taught by painful experience, that the procedure of our Heavenly Father is mysterious: but still it is an unspeakable mercy, that all the bitter ingredients in our cup, are mingled by a Father's hand, and that they are all designed to promote our spiritual good. The day of trial has a tendency to convince us that the help of man is vain, and that God alone can afford support and comfort; but there is something peculiarly soothing in the reflection, that we have real friends, who tenderly sympathize with us, and who, were it possible, would willingly bear a part of our burdens. God has graciously blessed you with a large share in the affections and in the prayers of his people, and although they cannot make up the loss which you have sustained, yet we trust

that in answer to their united supplications, the Lord will afford you such a measure of his spirit, as will enable you to glorify him, by submitting to this painful part of his procedure with Christian patience and resignation, and that He will overrule this very trying bereavement, for promoting the spiritual improvement of many who may thereby be practically taught to gird up the loins of their minds, and to walk as strangers and pilgrims in this uncertain world. Do not, dear Sir, indulge and feed grief by habitually dwelling on what you may consider the aggravating circumstances connected with your loss. It is wise to rise above instruments and second causes to that God, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. The cloud has a bright, as well as a dark side. The hope of a blessed resurrection, when all who have fallen asleep in Christ shall meet to part no more, has a cheering influence when called to part with pious friends, who were dear to us as our own souls. There is a melancholy pleasure in parting with pious friends, even in the most trying circumstances. In such a case, death wants the sting. It is but the *shadow* of death; a temporary, and perhaps a short separation. May the Lord grant you all that consolation which the prospect of a joyful meeting and an everlasting enjoyment is calculated to afford. Our object in sending you these few lines, is

simply to express our sincere sympathy and affection towards you, while the Lord is calling you to pass through the deep waters of adversity. Having lately met at Frazerburgh, it appeared from conversation on the painful event which has taken place, that we had all resolved to write you as soon as you could be supposed to be capable of attending to any kind of business, and as we had the prospect of soon meeting again at Peterhead, we considered it preferable to unite in our expression of sympathy. When the painful tidings reached this part of the country, they produced a very deep impression on the minds of those, who, from personal acquaintance, or by report, could form a proper judgment of the loss which the cause of God had sustained. We felt assured that our loss was her gain; but still the thought recurred again and again, how can her place be filled, or the loss made up to her partner in life, or to the churches in whose prosperity she took such a lively interest? We have often proposed the anxious inquiry to one another, How you could be enabled to bear the heavy stroke, without unfitting you for the many important duties which devolve upon you? the Lord has in part dissipated our unbelieving fears, by the reports which have reached us of the peculiar support which the Lord has afforded you. May you continue to obtain increasing evidence of the truth of His promise, "that his

grace shall be made sufficient for you," that as you have been honoured to direct and encourage many in the day of their calamity by your instructions, you may now be enabled to do so by your example. Sympathy is best learned in the school of affliction; and we trust that you will be peculiarly fitted to comfort others by those consolations wherewith you are comforted of God. There is often a sad mixture of selfishness in our grief for our departed friends. It has been said with truth, that were the Lord to consult the inclinations of his people, eminent and useful Christians would never get to heaven. Had our brethren in the ministry, or many others, got their will, we verily believe your dear partner had been among the last to reach the haven of rest. It has been said, that though a wish could bring back their friends from the land of glory, the people of God would not indulge that wish; you could not safely trust yourself, nor could those who are so deeply sensible of your loss, be trusted on this point. It is our mercy, and that of our departed friends, that our gracious Redeemer keeps the management of this delicate matter in his own hand. We are prone to say in our haste, like the afflicted patriarch, 'All these things are against us,' but the day is approaching when we shall say from the heart, 'the Lord has done *all* things well.' There is a need be, for our being frequently in heaviness

while passing through this world of sin; but the trial of our faith will be found to the honour of Christ at last. If, through free mercy, we reach the land of perfect purity, felicity, and glory, we shall then see cause to bless God for our severest afflictions. Patience must now have her perfect work, and we are called to honour God by trusting him in the midst of dark providences. That the Lord may graciously support you, and enable you to do and bear his holy will with cheerfulness and fortitude, that he may grant you a large measure of the consolations of His spirit, and render you increasingly useful in his vineyard, is the earnest desire and prayer of, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate brethren,

"James Robertson,
Joseph Gibb,
Alexander Begg,
James Scott,
John M'Robert,
William Legg,
P. L. Anderson."

"Edinburgh, October 20th, 1828.

"My very dear Sir,

"The severity of the indisposition under which I have been labouring for nearly two months—and which greatly increased during the last month—will plead my apology for not having, ere now

expressed in a personal communication to yourself,—the reality and depth of my sympathy in the very heavy affliction, with which it has pleased an infinitely wise and gracious God to visit you. But you are not alone, my dear Sir, in the experience of its pressure. No—and I can say it with the greatest truth,—that amid the list of dear and valued Christian friends—and these, by the kindness of God, have not been few—whose removal I have had to mourn—there is not an individual whose loss I have so deeply felt and deplored, as that of my highly valued friend—your dearly and justly beloved spouse. When I think of the purity and the strength of her Christian principles—the deep and the tender interest she took in the comfort and well-being of those of our brethren who were placed in circumstances which called for the exercise of Christian benevolence towards them—and above all, when I think of her holy, ardent, and unwearied zeal, in devising and prosecuting those plans of usefulness, which, by the blessing of God, have been productive of so much benefit in promoting both the temporal and spiritual interests of her fellow-creatures—I cannot but regard this dispensation as one of the heaviest strokes with which the members of the Congregational Union have been visited. The deep interest she took, from the beginning, in every thing connected—not merely with the success of the great and general objects of

that Union, but in the individual prosperity and comfort of all its members—will never, I am persuaded, be effaced from the minds of those, who at any time, had access to the privilege of her society.—Oh! my dear Sir, I have thought more frequently and though I cannot say more highly, yet I can say more tenderly and affectionately of her, since she has been taken from us, than I did before.—And though I do most tenderly sympathize with you—and participate in the grief you experience in the recollection of your loss—I yet feel, and I rejoice to know, that you also feel, that there is something inexpressibly soothing in the very circumstances of her death. Oh! what a happiness—that she who had so adorned the doctrine of her God and Saviour during her life, was enabled so to glorify him in her death—a death, the circumstances of which were all adjusted—and, Oh, that is a consoling thought!—all adjusted, in the very manner and order in which they occurred from everlasting. And now, what remains, my dear friend, but that you and we, in reliance on the grace of Christ, study, with renewed zeal and energy, to follow her footsteps; pressing onwards towards the goal, till, by the experience of the same mercy, we also attain the glorious prize!—And then, Oh, how transporting the thought, of meeting her—and all our beloved friends who have fallen asleep in Christ, around the throne, and participat-

ing with them in an everlasting song of praise, 'unto Him, who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood,'—and then, with them, we shall look back on all the way by which the Lord our God hath led us—and shall acknowledge that 'He hath done all things well,' and that 'He hath led us by the right way, to the city of eternal habitation.'——I heard from our dear brother Wardlaw, (for whose sermon, which I feel happy and thankful he was enabled to print, I send you my best thanks,) that you had experienced somewhat of a bilious attack. I hope to hear that you are relieved, when you can find it convenient to send me a few lines. I have much reason to bless the Lord, that He has very graciously delivered me from the more distressing symptoms of my complaint—and that he enabled me to preach yesterday, without experiencing any injury. May He graciously sanctify all our afflictions! Poor Mr. C—— is suffering from jaundice—and we are not without anxiety concerning him, but we have an Almighty Physician, who can easily raise him up.

"Mrs. Aikman unites in most affectionate regards to you—and in kindest respects to Miss Cathcart, who we rejoice to hear is so recovered.

"I ever am, my dear Sir,

"Very affectionately yours,

"JOHN AIKMAN."

" October 25th, 1828.

" My dear Sir,

" I fear this letter may intrude on your sorrowful hours; and it is merely to gratify my own feelings, for you require not my feeble testimony to departed worth.—The dear saint has left many friends to mourn, and also to rejoice in her happiness. Her kindness to myself was such as I never can forget; and I always parted from her instructed and animated. She united all that is admirable in Christian character; and her sound judgment was my great admiration. When with her, I always regretted when any one else spoke however excellent, for to me there was a charm in her words—kindness from one so superior humbled me.—She was in all things an example, and although what I am about to mention is certainly a very secondary thing, yet it did add to the perfection of the dear saint's character,—that she was a lady in manners.—Such an example of holy living, and happy dying, is left for good to many. I hope, I doubt not, you will be comforted by Him who gave you the blessing of such a wife; and to whose happiness you so largely contributed when on earth. What a happy meeting it will be in a better world, when you are again united to so blessed a companion. I trust your valuable life may long be spared; and that you may be comforted.—For myself, I would desire to follow such

bright examples of Christian worth, and to cast in my lot with the people of God, now and for ever. I beg you will pardon the liberty of writing—I was exceedingly gratified with the sermon you sent me—not one word too much said—indeed it is not possible to exaggerate on this occasion—— Offer kind sympathy to Miss Cathcart.—I must no longer trouble you.

"Believe, my dear Sir,

"With respect and affectionate sympathy,

"M. H."

"Kingsland, near London, Oct. 28th, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"When the late dispensation of God to your family was announced to us here, in the Times newspaper, it excited no ordinary sympathy towards you, among those who knew you, and not only among them, but also among many others of the family of our Lord, and prayers were offered for you in public, and no doubt by many in private. Having known her long before your connexion with her, as well as afterwards, you may believe I felt acutely, and would have written to you, but I checked myself, believing it would only be an intrusion. You, my dear Sir, may think your case singular, but it is not so much so as you may suppose. Only in my little congregation, one

not less distressing happened, which I only relate to let you know what supported the mind of the survivor, who was the female.

"The first member received into the church at Kingsland after my ordination, was a Mr. S——n, a stock-broker, lately taken into partnership in an old established house—about 36 years of age, a wife and young family of seven or eight children—a fine looking, and one of the most amiable of men, wonderfully beloved by our school children—a man from whom I expected much assistance in useful schemes. The couple had been married about ten years, and never had taken one trip together to the country all that time—at length they fixed on spending a holiday in June at Hornsey, a few miles beyond Kingsland—it was on a Wednesday—Mrs. S. told my cousin Miss Campbell, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Meikle, India, a week before, of the pleasure they expected on their first trip since marriage, if it should turn out a good day. The day was lovely, they had dinner and tea at Hornsey, and were returning in time to hear me preach in the evening. Sitting in their gig admiring the surrounding beauties of creation, Mr. S. to give his wife and sister plenty of room, sat on the edge of the gig, holding carelessly the reins of the horse in his hand, let them slip out—in endeavouring to catch them, he fell out, and the wheel went over the lower part of his back—the horse

went on—wife and sister, with a babe leaped out, screamed—no house in sight—their screams, however, brought a gentleman from behind a wall—an empty hackney coach came up, Mr. S. was put into it.—As I was going to preach, they were carrying him into his house—I asked who it was—he heard my voice, got hold of my hand, which obliged me to follow him to his bed-room. On being laid on his bed, he cried out—'I know not what shall be the issue of this, but I see the hand of God in it'—before I left him he threw up much blood—the doctor came; I went to preach—returned—he must be kept quiet, and could not be seen. At ten when sitting at supper—two friends came, a cashier of the Bank of England, and Mr. R——r, announcing his death, I ran to his widow—she thought it was a dream. In a day or two she declared to me—'That if she did not believe that all things were settled and ordered by God, her trial would be unsupportable, she would be saying why did not I and my sister sit closer and give more room to my husband, to prevent him from sitting on the edge of the gig—but I have considerable peace from believing in God, as the disposer of all things.' God took care of the widow and her children. She died only about two years ago, all the children but one, married, and doing well.

"After your painful scene, I observed Dr. Pinkerton on the Lord's day morning in his own pew in

Kingsland chapel, having just arrived in safety from a tour of four months in Norway, Sweden, Germany, &c. Recollecting what had happened in your short trip, I could not but give public thanks for his preservation—when he came into the vestry after it, and I had told him of your trial, he felt keenly, and it seemed to increase his gratitude for the Lord's goodness to him. I thank you for Dr. Wardlaw's sermon on the occasion, which I received last night at the mission house, where Mr. Orme showed me your letter to him—may the God of Jacob be your refuge. I did not know I had the account you gave me of the first Mrs. Ewing's happy death, till about six weeks ago I was turning over a 4to Bible, when it was discovered—little did I suspect at the time that you was so soon to send me another. Well, wait a little and all those scenes will become more intelligible, and we shall see and say that all was well. The Lord be with you. Amen. "I am, yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"1, Sidmouth Street, October 31, 1828.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"I return you my cordial thanks for a copy of our mutual friend Dr. Wardlaw's admirable discourse, on a most mournful occasion. How greatly my sympathies and those of Mrs. Winter have

been excited by that lamented event, I want words to express. The remembrance of the kind and hospitable attention, which we received from dear Mrs. Ewing, as well as from yourself, three years ago, greatly increased the feeling. And perhaps the circumstance of our reading the earliest intimation of the event in the Isle of Wight, amidst the picturesque scenery, and the steep declivities of which, similar calamities have sometimes taken place, and many providential preservations have been experienced, produced a yet greater interest in the awful catastrophe.

"But, my dear friend, it is your high and distinguishing mercy to be fully assured, that to *her* to die was gain, as to her to live was Christ. May the 'strong,' the 'everlasting consolation' which is provided in the gospel for Christian mourners, be largely poured into your bosom. The recollections which I am sure must mingle with all the scenes of life, and all the engagements of duty, while they are unavoidably painful, are likewise attended with supporting considerations of what she was, and of what she is and will be.

"I can most truly join with the preacher, in acknowledging, that with a zeal truly apostolic, although, of course, in a sense different from that of the original declaration, she had the care of all the churches: in our missionary progress through the north of Scotland, previously to our last visit

at Glasgow, it was delightful to hear our good brethren in almost every place speak of the disinterested and extensive Christian benevolence of Mrs. Ewing. Well might she be called, not for advanced years, but for parental sympathies, and prayers, and instructions, and even laborious and unintermitted exertions, a Mother in Israel.

"Really in the circumstances of the case, it is far more wonderful, that the lives of all were not terminated, than that only one was. *Personally*, you appear to have been less injured than any of the party. I trust that by this time all are greatly recovered. To Miss Cathcart, whose escape was very wonderful, the only one of the company besides yourself and Mrs. Ewing whom we knew, we beg to be most kindly remembered. Your daughter and her good husband from Durham Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, are I presume with you, or at least have been. To them, if at Glasgow, also to Dr. Wardlaw and his family, we beg to be kindly remembered also. Farewell my dear friend. The God of hope and consolation be ever with you.

"Believe me,
"Your affectionate friend,
"And brother,
"Robert Winter."

"Leaf Square, November 2d, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"I cannot allow the present opportunity, afforded me by the return of my young friend, William H———n, to his studies, to escape without trespassing so far on your attention, as briefly, but most sincerely, to express my unfeigned sympathy, on account of the very severe affliction with which our heavenly Father has been pleased so suddenly to visit you. When I was so unfortunate as to find Mrs. Ewing confined to her room, at the time when I had the pleasure of seeing you in Glasgow last year, it did indeed occur to my mind, that I then should, in all probability, never have an opportunity of seeing her again in this vale of tears, where I had so often witnessed her devoted zeal, and Christian kindness; but I was immediately consoled by the hope, that we should ere long meet in our Father's house, where all would be bliss and joy, and where we should 'go out no more for ever.' But little, as little as yourself, did I imagine that we should be speedily, and so unexpectedly summoned to resign her happy spirit to the enjoyment of that felicity, from which, I am sure your own heart, with all its tenderest affection, would never wish to recall her. She cannot return to us; may we prepare to go to her, and may the recollection, that she has added to the number of the attractions of heaven derived from

earth, powerfully stimulate our best energies for the glory of our Lord, that, whenever he shall be pleased to send for us, we may be ready to join the blissful circle around the throne, and to celebrate the praises of redeeming grace for ever and ever. A few more years, perhaps days, and our place here will be no longer occupied by us; may it be faithfully, and happily filled till then; and may a better place, even a mansion in heaven, be then enjoyed; aad may the recollection of 'all the way' by which the Lord has led us, then inspire our purest devotions, and swell our notes of praise to the loftiest strains, to the glory of our God and Father.

"I trust, my dear Sir, that the God of all consolation has graciously supported your mind under his chastening hand; and that you have found even in this mysterious dispensation one of those fraught with the richest blessings, and most eminently calculated to enable you to 'speak a word in season to him that is weary' and to 'comfort the mourners in Zion.' Trusting that it is indeed so with you, and that every revolving year will more abundantly enrich you with that preparation for the joys of heaven, which forms the best guarantee of comfort here and hope hereafter; and praying that all the kindness which you and Mrs. Ewing so constantly displayed towards the friends of the Redeemer, who, like myself, might, by distance

from beloved relatives, or any other circumstances, require attention or comfort, may be returned seven fold, in richer blessings, on your own heart, and that of your interesting daughter, and on all the endeared objects of her affection,

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Your much obliged and devoted Servant,

J. CLUNIE."

From a Friend in England.

"December 4th, 1828.

"MY DEAR MISS C——T,

——"She has exchanged earth for heaven, and I feel sometimes she gives a fresh power to my mind to look to that world of bliss with a fond hope we may meet in those realms of bliss where she now lives for ever. The remembrance of her sweetly Christian life and character seems as a fresh spring to Christian duties.—Oh my heart is sore when I think I shall never more behold her in this world! Scotland seems to have lost its charms. Oh dear, dear creature! I shall never behold her fellow here below.—But we must not dwell on our loss, but think of her unspeakable gain; and the time cannot be long, humanly speaking, when, through the abounding merits of the Lord Jesus, we shall meet, I trust, to part no more. May I follow the dear Redeemer as she

followed him !—I should hope good was done by the dear saint's Christian heroism in death.—Oh that I may meet the King of Terrors with the faith and fortitude she was enabled to do ! We have all fresh cause for adoring the Saviour that gave her such a victory over death.—My heart aches for dear Mr. Ewing; but if affliction is heavy, his comfort in Christ must abound, and though the beloved deceased is absent in body, she is present in spirit, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. How great must be the joy of our dearly beloved and glorified friend at the many souls brought, and bringing hourly to the knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of her dear husband, and all the pastors of the churches of Christ to whom she was indeed a sister.—I beg to be remembered with true love and affection to my dear quondam pastor.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. P——T."

"Homerton, June 6, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"Often have I had unhappy feelings in the reflection that your kindness, in favouring me with Dr. Wardlaw's Sermon and your own Memoir,* has

* The first Edition.

been so long without acknowledgment. Indeed I have no valid apology to make; and the cause of a delay, which I reflect upon with so much pain, has simply been the fallacy, which often betrays me, of obtaining a better opportunity and performing the duty in a more satisfactory manner. Yet now, at length, I write hurried, embarrassed, and under circumstances not favourable to my own state of mind. Alas! what can I say, or suggest? To detail topics of relief to your mind, bowed down as it must be under the pressure of a privation which it would be most absurd and presumptuous in me to attempt to describe, would be a most superfluous and almost unfeeling procedure. All the sources of consolation, which reason and religion open, must have occurred to your own meditations, or have been presented to you by your numerous participants in this woe:—and they must have been all unavailing to stop the fountain of grief. You would not wish them to be *so* availing. To extinguish your grief would be to rob you of your purest pleasure, next to communion with God. The high thoughts which, in your, I might almost say unexampled, tribulation, upon the nature and consequences of your earthly loss, must be arising ever fresh in your soul, have such an unbroken alliance with the doctrines concerning the covenant of grace, the dominion and love of the Saviour, and the unsearchable ways of paternal providence, that

the result must be "the joy of grief" in a degree which could rarely be equalled. It seems to me most to resemble the condition of the wife of John Bradford, who, having been refused to visit that holy man in his prison, forced an interview with him on his short walk from Newgate to Smithfield, and there, with her eleven young children, bade him farewell till they should meet in the heavenly glory.

"I had not the pleasure of a personal knowledge of Mrs. Ewing, and only once saw her, in a perfectly transient manner: but, for many years, I have been no stranger to her extraordinary character. The wonderful Italian lady in the sixteenth century, Olympia Fulvia Morata, seems to present the nearest resemblance to your departed companion. Many Christian females have excelled in the tenderness and power of piety, in the heroism of suffering, in the sublime of holy devotedness: but Mrs. Ewing added to those qualities a vigour of mind which could at once grasp a mighty principle in its magnitude, and at the same time penetrate its minutest detail and remotest applications. I think I never heard or read of any man, certainly not of any female, who united to so tender and impressive feelings of love to the great essentials of the gospel, in doctrine and experience, such a masterly comprehension of the ecclesiastical constitutions of the New Testament; yet not viewing those arrangements with the fondness of a partisan,

but entirely under their proper aspect, as *divine* appointments *harmonizing* with the grand designs of revealed grace. When was before known such a combination in one mind, without making the one class of truths trench upon the other? In relation to the former, confessedly the pre-eminent, we have had our Whitefield, and Scott, and Wilberforce, and Hannah More, and many in the inferior degrees yet worthy of their association: but how confined, incoherent, and even ignorant were and are their ideas upon the latter department of scriptural investigation?

"Let us then say that, in proportion to the eminence and peculiarity of the endowments with which the Father of lights had enriched your inestimable fellow heir of the grace of life, should gratitude for her having lived, and lived to so useful purpose, supersede our lamentation that earth holds her no longer. Innumerable facts in the history of the church show that our adorable Sovereign rarely allows his choicest instruments to continue very long in the wear and tear and trials of mortality. Faith will say, 'He hath done all things well;' while it is no degradation of that faith to weep as Jesus did at Bethany. Yea; by such an association faith is actually and greatly invigorated. It seems to be almost able to draw aside the veil, and even now to penetrate into 'the unseen and eternal.' That these celestial benefits may, in a

very high and glorious degree, be yours, is the cordial and sympathizing prayer of my dear Mrs. Smith and myself; who unites with me also in the most respectful remembrance. May the richest grace fill your soul more and more!

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours in sincere affection,

"J. Pye Smith."

THE END.

E. Khull & Son, Printers, 8, East Clyde Street, Glasgow.

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